NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. IV.—No. 31. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856. Four Cents.

"VENGEANCE," THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH STAKES, 1856.

VENGEANCE is a brown horse, standing about fifteen hands high, got by Chanticleer out of Gladiole's dam. He has a blood-like head, straight neck, deep girth and ribs, with good back and loins, quarters rather drooping towards the tail, which is somewhat bushy, and carried a little way from him. He is inclined to be "light timbered" and high on his legs, but sound, good looking joints, feet, &c. He has a white blaze in his face, and white marks on three of his feet, and covered in many places with white ticks. Though on a smaller scale than his sire, there are many points in his shape strongly indicative of his Chanticleer descent.

LONGEVITY OF ACTORS.

A RECENT number of Bentley's Miscellany has an interesting and curious article on the longevity of actors, from which the following extract is made:—Killigrew died at the age of 68; John Lowin, 83; Bowman, who died in 1739, but had several times performed before the second Charles, 88; Quin, 73; Mrs. Garrick, 98; Mrs. Clive, 75; Beard, 74; Rich, 70; Betterton, 75; Quick, 83; King, 76; Charles Dibdin, the naval song writer, 74; Murphy, 78; Barrymore, 71; Wycherley, 75; Southern, 86; Moody, 85; Mrs. Bracegirdle, 85; Macklin, 107; Cibber, 86; Cumberland, 79; Hull, 76; Yates, the cotemporary of Garrick, not he of the Adolphi, 89; Munden, 74; Chamberlain, a provincial actor, 86; Mrs. Abington, 84; "Gentleman" Smith, 89: John Johnstone, 82; Pope, 73; Mrs. Hartley, 73; John Bannister, 76; Mrs. Bannister, 92; Fawcett, 72; Powell, 82; George Colman, "the younger" 74; Gattie, 70; Mrs. John Kemble, 88; Mrs. Sparks, 83; O'Keefe, 86; Wroughton, 74; Mrs. Glover, 70; Betterton, her father, 83; Elkanah Settle, 73; Handel, 76; Haydn, 78; Mme. Mars, 84; Mrs. Siddons, 76; Mrs. Mattocks, 81; Charles Abbot, 89; Mrs. Pitt, 79; Roger Kemble, the father of John and Charles, 82; Mrs. Wallack, the mother of James and Henry, 99; Bisset, 83; Brunton, 82; Wewitzer, 76; Mrs. Davenport, 84; Miss Pope, 75; T. Dibdin, 70; Packer, 78; Byrne, 90; Philip Astley, the founder of the amphitheatre, 72; Saunders, the noted showman, who is said to have fostered Edmund Kean and Andrew Ducrow, 90; Henry Johnston, 80; Miss Besford, for many seasons at Covent Garden, 94; the benevolent Joanna Baillie, 89; Patrick Barrett, the father of the Irish stage, 88; Dowton, 88; Mrs. Harlowe, 87; Charles Kemble, 79; Richard Jones, 73; Mrs. Edwin, 82; and Mrs. Ann Kelly, 103. The latter lady, who died at Lewisham some three years since, quitted the stage at the age of sixty, having lost her hearing. She was a member of the company which boasted of the talents of Edmund Kean and Sheridan Knowles, before either had been greeted with metropolitan plaudits; and it was with no mean pride that the old lady recounted the fact of her having played Alicia to the Jane Shore of the Siddons. Robert Lindley died in 1855, at the age of 83. He, too, was of the theatae, in which he was known in 1794, two years after Mozart's death, and more than a quarter of a century before Weber was heard of. How often have we seen that "comely old man," in years long after, winding his way into the orchestra! The combined ages of those whose names we have given amount to five thousand nine hundred and thirty one years. Time, therefore, is surely still in its infancy, and antiquity is to be considered as naught. Here are but seventy-three from the number of those whom the stage has delighted to honor, and yet their lives united make the world as yester-born, for they reach back to a period which is dateless—some seventy years before the creation! Cave Underbill continued to perform after he had reached his eightieth year! Macklin loitered upon the boards till after fourscore years and ten; the dramatic life of Yates spread over three-quarters of a century; John Bannister clung to the lamps after uttering his farewell words, and could scarcely be removed from them; the Siddons occasionally revisited the foot-lights after her professional career had ended, and at home read plays to delighted circles, winning from her ancient porter the homely criticism, "The old lady tunes her pipes as well as ever she did."

THE MASTIFF—HIS COURAGE, &c.

THIS description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally used as watch dogs; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgment. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing; but the moment he attempts to touch any of the goods, or endeavors to leave the place, the animal informs him by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted: even in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him three or four hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylcir, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting." The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about: another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived, and was taken care of by the king's son; who said—"He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

SIT UPRIGHT.

"SIT upright! sit upright, my son!" said a lady to her son, George, who had formed a wretched habit of bending whenever he sat down to read. His mother had told him that he could not breatbe right unless he sat upright. But it was no use; bend over he would, in spite of all his mother could say.

"Sit upright, master George!" cried his teacher, as George bent over his copy-book at school. "If you don't sit upright, like master Charles, you will ruin your health, and possibly die of consumption."

This startles master George. He did not want to die, and he felt alarmed. Soon after school he said to his teacher—

"Please, sir, explain to me how bending over when I sit can cause me to have the consumption?"

"That I will, George," replied his teacher, with a cordial smile. "There is an element in the air called oxygen, which is necessary to make your blood circulate, and to help it purify itself by throwing off what is called carbon. When you stoop you cannot take in a sufficient quantity of air to accomplish these purposes; hence the blood remains bad, and the air cells in your lungs inflame. The cough comes on. Next the lungs ulcerate, and then you die. Give the lungs room to inspire plenty of air, and you will not be injured by study. Do you understand the matter now, George?"

"I think I do, sir, and I will try to sit upright hereafter," said George.

A CALIFORNIA LOVE LETTER.

A COPY of a letter that was picked up in the street in Marysville, Cal., not long since:

Mariesville july fore 1856.

Dear Cate you know I luv you mor an any uther Girle in the World, and wat's the Rezen you always want Me to tell you so. I no you ar almost gittiun tired of waiting for me. I no you luv me fit to brake your hart. I no we ort to get marid, but how kin we if we kant—sa! Wat's the use in thinkin bout it. I thort wen I sold my mule that I wud hav nough to pay the precher and bi you nice goun. But I tried mi luk at poker and got strapt the fust nite. Cate you never played poker—in korse not. Wel, its a confounded mity nice game as long as you kin sit behind a smoral par, but when you kant get a par, the pots gone. I luv you so much Cate that I allmost hav a notion to sel me 1 hors wagin and buck a nite or 2 at farrow, but how kin i—sa! My whol wagin wudent fech more an fore or 5 good staks, ile go back to the mountings an work an dig and swet and do every thing i kin to git money to git marid. I ant anyways gelus Cate, but pleze dont hug and kiss and set on J——n B——'s lapp any more, you know he aint worth shuks, he kant drink more an 3 horns 'thout gitting tite; i kin stand up under fiftey. You no i kin lick him 2, and hav dun it and kin do it agin. But i aint a bit gelus, I no I ort to marid long ago, leven years is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hav you yit Cate

Good by, till next we meet.

Your Affectionate Lover,

D—— G——,

Note a Bena, good by sgin Run that feller off

2th P. S. I'm not a bit gelus Cate, don't let him cum bout the house.

A CARD-TABLE COMPARED TO A FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE contending parties at a card-table are as eager there for victory and the spoils as soldiers in a battle. In the mimic game of war, kings are the commanders in chief, queens are generals in petticoats, and knaves the army contractors. Then follow the undisciplined recruits, armed with *spades* and *clubs*. Stationed round the table, the hostile armies face each other, and begin the fight, resolved to conquer or to fall; the bravest *hearts* are taken in the conflict. Kings and queens lie prostrate, or are led away captive to the enemy's camp; and such a ransom is demanded for their freedom, as drains the coffers of the vanquished party.

NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA!

THIS favorite American Sporting Newspaper is published every Thursday morning, and may be had of all News Dealers through out the United States. It contains reports of

THE PRIZE RING,	THE TURF,	FEATS OF STRENGTH,
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Sporting advertisements, or those of interest to the sporting community, only solicited.

Payment to be made in advance, except in those cases where the parties are directly known to us.

Notices, of Sporting Events to come, or, of those that may have taken place, inserted gratuitously.

All matter intended for insertion in that week's issue, must be sent in by Tuesday noon.

QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS.
No. 30 Ann Street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 103 Nassau st., N. Y, and 25 Clark st., Chicago.
MIKE MADDEN, 21 and 23 Ann street.
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HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, 30 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.
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WALLACE, AUSTEN & BURL, Chicago, Ill.
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L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PITTSBURGH.—"Please decide this bet and oblige one of your readers, and subscribers: Six or eight weeks ago, when there was a Fillmore electoral ticket (straight) before the people, several bets were made that Fillmore would not have 1000 votes in Allegheny county, Pa.—betting on the *then only ticket* on which he could receive support, I presume—but after the State election, the Fremont electoral ticket had at the head of it the names of Fremont and Fillmore, placed thereon, thus: John C. Fremont, and 26 other electors; Millard Fillmore, and the same 26 as on the other ticket. The electors on both tickets were the same, and in favor of John C. Fremont; but, provided the ticket with Fillmore at the head of it should receive 10,000 in the State, he (Fillmore) should have one vote in the college; 20,000, two votes, and so on. *Quere:* are those two electoral tickets, the one above with Fillmore at its head, and the Fillmore straight ticket formed weeks before, to be counted together as Fillmore strength, or only the straight Fillmore ticket? At the State election the Fillmore ticket was some 700 votes averaged, and some run ahead and some behind their ticket, but that is attributable to local causes. In the general election in November, the vote is 594, Fillmore straight, and some 200 votes on the above ticket, Fremont electors, with Fillmore's name at the head. As you will perceive, it is not an union, nor fusion, but a proviso, and was not supported by the Fillmore men, as the votes show; the Fillmore men would not touch it, and what they rejected at the polls, can they embrace now for pecuniary benefit?" On a careful perusal of your communication, we find that the dispute or wager turns upon the point whether or not Fillmore received 1060 votes in Allegheny county, Pa., at the recent Presidential election. We decide that he who bet that Fillmore would not receive 1000 votes, loses; for by the official record of the vote in that county, we find that the straight Fillmore ticket received 896 votes, and the fusion Fillmore, 592, making in all 1488 votes. We include the Fillmore fusion ticket because it is apparent to us that those who voted that ticket desired the success of Mr. Fillmore, otherwise they would have selected that having at the head of it the name of John C. Fremont. They voted the Fillmore fusion ticket with the hope of assisting in the defeat of Mr. Buchanan. Their first, last, and only choice, however, seems to have been Mr. Fillmore.

W. C. BRALY, Erie, Pa.—Black Bashaw was got by Young Bashaw; his dam was by True American; grand dam by Old Hickory. Young Bashaw was got by Grand Bashaw, an Arabian horse imported in 1816. It is from Grand Bashaw that Andrew Jackson, Black Bashaw, Saladin, Kemble Jackson, Lantern, Jenny Jones, and the Black Hawks, derived their fine trotting action and handsome figure. Black Bashaw died last winter, at Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa., leaving as his successor Young Black Bashaw, who is an elegant, fast, and very superior horse, to perpetuate his name. He is to be found at Morrisville. Lightning, another Bashaw colt, out of a thorough-bred mare, by Monmouth Eclipse, and own brother to Jenny Jones, is owned at the same place. He is thought to be the best trotting colt in this country, but as yet is too young for service. 2. It was difficult to estimate the value of Black Bashaw—if now living he would be worth, say $10,000, as the lowest figure—and probably would be valued much higher. 3. The Morgans claim descent from a half-bred horse called Morgan, who figured in Vermont nearly a hundred years ago, and got some pretty good stock. The Morgans of the present day may have some of his blood in them, but not much—Canadian generally preponderating. Morgan is a name applied also to many horses, who have no pedigrees, but are still very fine animals. A cross with the Bashaws would improve them wonderfully, and make them really valuable.

J. M., Paducah, Ky.—"Did not Tom Paddock defeat Harry Broome for the Champion Belt of England, and did he not wear it when he made the match with the Tipton Slasher, and does he not still retain it? This is to decide a bet." Paddock never fought Broome—these men were matched, but Broome forfeited £180 to Paddock. There was no belt in the case, consequently Paddock received no belt. The Slasher is at present, and has been for some time, the recognised Champion of England.

BOUND FOR EUROPE.—1. The Bank of England will not open a drawing account unless the first deposit is £400 or upwards. 2. The Bank of England usually has from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 held for security, but allows no interest for the money so left. 3. India Bonds, Exchequer Bills, or Exchequer Bonds, are the usual investments for surplus cash. 4. Letters of Credit may be purchased in New York which will be "good" for you in any part of Europe.

R. JOHNSTON, Boston.—Hughes did not accomplish the feat of walking 100 consecutive hours in San Francisco. His friends used every means to keep him to his work, but his condition was such that it was deemed hazardous to continue, and he was taken from the plank after he had walked ninety-eight hours and forty minutes, thus losing the match by only one hour and twenty minutes.

C. H., Rondout.—"1. Please inform me of the time made by John Stetson in his 10 mile race with John Grindell, in 1855. If there was no time taken, how far was he beaten? 2. How many races have Stetson and Grindell run together? 3 Do you intend to give an account of his pedestrian performances?" 1. Grindell's time was 57:22; Stetson's time, 58:13. 2. Four. 3. We have already given such an account.

J. W. L., Montpelier.—Lady Moscow was brought from Canada West to Long Island some years ago. She is not, however, what is known as a French Canadian, being of a different stock of horses, they coming principally from East or Lower Canada. Chicago Jack came from the West. His pedigree is unknown to us.

A CONSTANT READER, Malden.—There is no such law as regards betting. No man is forced to bet; if a person makes a wager it is presumed he does so with his eyes open, and with a particular "eye to the chances." It is all folly to raise the quibble that a person betting on a certainty loses.

G. H. B., Warrenton, Mo.—1. Mr. R. H. Sliter was in Chicago, at the last accounts. 2. There is no specified time—a round is finished when either party is on the ground. A round may occupy one minute, or one hour, as the case may be.

SUBSCRIBER, Smithville Flats.—Your diagram of 36 successive shots made by R. R. Moore, at Cincinnatus, Courtland county, N. Y., at 40 rods, exhibits excellent markmanship on the part of Mr. Moore. We have placed the diagram among our curiosities.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Have had a hearty laugh over your "first epistle to the Corinthians," as Pierce Egan would say. Hope your future pursuit of sport may not be attended with so many difficulties.

LOVER OF SPORTS, Chicago.—1. Bill Neat fought, but was beaten by Tom Spring. 2. We cannot say where he is—he is not in the hands of the Philistines, however.

JOHNIE RAW, Ontonagon, Michigan.—We shall be most happy to hear from you in reference to your snow shoe races, and other sports peculiar to your heavy region of country.

JOHN HOPEYS, Cambridge.—The James Baine made the passage from Boston to Liverpool in 12 days and 6 hours. We have no record of better time by sailing vessel than this.

G. A.—"1. What is the length of the North River steamer Isaac Newton? 2 What is the length of the New World?" 1. 405 feet. 2. 335 feet.

SUBSCRIBER, Milwaukee.—We intend to publish a list of Sporting Books in a week or two. We can forward to your address such as you may require.

ENGLISHMAN, Baltimore.—"Please decide a bet by stating the name of the winner of the Derby in 1821, and his rider." Gustavus, by S. Day.

P. P.—ALL FOURS.—We answered a similar question a week or two since—Jack counts one point as soon as turned up; but does not also count towards game.

PENNY.—It is a draw bet, but A deserves to lose for his "twisting and turning" operation, which was anything but "fair and square."

SPORTSMAN, Lowell.—Fare to California, cabin, upper saloon state room berth, $275; cabin, lower ditto, $225; cabin, lower ditto, open berth, $150; upper forward cabin, $100.

C. S. M., Chicago; Subscriber; G. A. L., South Danvers; B. B., and a number of others will be attended to. We are hunting up authorities, &c.

PATRON OF THE NEWS DEALER, Philad'a.—You will find our opinion of that "fast time" fully set forth in another column.

W. S.—The two 38's throw over—the others "have no put," as you say.

W. C. M., Boston.—Your initials are not sufficient for us, whatever they may be for your opponent.

SAWBUCK, Louisville.—California was admitted to the Union in 1850.

W. L., Jersey City.—We do not know the lady's age, and if we did, we would not dare to make it public.

AMATEUR, Philad'a.—1. Shakspeare was born in the year 1564, and died in 1616. 2. Don't know.

X.—It is a revoke, and A loses.

J. J. B.—We have no need of a "theatrical cricket" at present.

SOTO, Boston.—Pet's best time was 2 min. 18¼ seconds.

MICKEY WARREN.—We have a letter for you. Hurry up.

SUBSCRIBER.—See answer to Penny.

F. H. H., Buffalo.—In our next.

OUR PICTORIAL.

WE expected to give in this issue a list of the contents of our forthcoming Pictorial, but have been obliged to defer it until next week. In the meantime, agents will please send along their orders. The PICTORIAL CLIPPER will be issued early in December, for the Christmas and New Year Holidays.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY.—A reporter of the N. Y. *Daily Times*, in giving an account of Brougham's recent flying visit to Philadelphia, says, that when the party arrived at the National Theatre in that city, they found a great crowd present, composed of "*rowdies, loafers, pickpockets, large negroes and beery Dutchmen*, all tightly packed before the stage door, through which it was necessary that our party should pass."

Our Philadelphia friends must feel highly flattered by such a "first-rate notice." They must also feel deeply obliged to Mr. Brougham, through whose "kindness" and "liberality" the "discerning" writer of said notice was allowed to participate in the pleasures of the aforesaid excursion, and make the acquaintance of the before-mentioned "crowd of thieves, loafers," &c. If such a reporter is Mr. Brougham's idea of what a "member of the New York press" is, or should be, the least said about it the better. After *such* a notice, Mr. Brougham and his "representatives of the New York press" will be "doubly welcomed" in Philadelphia should the "astonishing feat" be repeated.

A MOVEMENT OF THE RIGHT KIND.—We are happy in being able to announce the formation of a very well-designed organization in Brooklyn, L. I., to be called "The Union Gymnastic Association." The general features are somewhat like those of the Mechanics Institutes which are so famous in England; but, with this important improvement, that gymnastic exercises will be the principal attraction. A prospectus is in preparation, containing such arguments as must suggest the formation of similar associations in every town or village in the United States. One thousand dollars have already been subscribed in the Eastern District of Brooklyn to make "The Union Gymnastic Association" a model institution of its kind throughout the length and breadth of our land. Such a "consummation is devoutly to be wished," and will be a proud day for us after the unwearying educational efforts made by the N. Y. CLIPPER. Our columns are open to any and every possible aid we can continue to give in this glorious effort to improve the physical and mental energies of the rising generation.

AID FOR KANSAS.—From the pains taken to inform the public that the widow of Lord Byron has sent £65 for "bleeding Kansas," it would appear that some people in Europe actually suppose that the money subscribed for Kansas does reach that debatable territory. If they are satisfied, we have nothing to say. But we have a subscription of our own to offer. Let a few subscription purses be made up for some good horse-racing, pedestrianism, or other healthy and invigorating out-door sports in Kansas. Let this be done, and the N. Y. CLIPPER will "put in" liberally. We should cease to hear of "bleeding Kansas," and the public might bet 2 to 1 on the little joker being admitted (with all the honors) into our glorious Union.

FISH BREEDING BY ARTIFICIAL AID.—This subject is gradually coming into the right degree of popularity which its importance deserves. If the Legislatures of New Jersey and New York were only as ready to move in the development of our natural resources as they are to dictate about prize fights we might see our glorious Hudson, Delaware, Raritan, and Passaic, well stocked with the splendid *Salmo Salar*, or sea salmon, so as not only to increase our own abundance but become a prominent article for export trade. All that is needed is to protect the ovæ at the head waters of the breeding streams.

IN BUSINESS.—Our friend John Grindell, Champion Pedestrian of America, has taken a house, in connection with Mr. N. Henderson, and is now ready to receive his friends at his saloon, the Chatham Shades, corner of 37th street and 9th Avenue. So far, Mr. Grindell has been liberally patronised. We know of no one more worthy, and hope he may be as successful in this new business, as he has been in his pedestrian career. Give the Champion Pedestrian a call.

SAD CASE OF SUICIDE.—The pronunciamento of the disunited "Union Ferry Company of Brooklyn" seems likely to end in the premature death of the plethoric patient. No reasonable cause can be assigned for the rash act, except the miserly meanness which neglects to provide suitable apparatus to save from sinking. Some charity seems needed.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

SKATING.—The season is now close upon us when one of the most exhilarating and healthful pastimes known to these latitudes, may be indulged in by all who have the wherewith to purchase "the tools." We allude to that manly and healthful exercise, skating. This sport is peculiar to these more northerly regions, and there are but few men hereaway who have not, or do not participate in it to a greater or less extent. In this respect we have a great advantage over our Southern brethren, as well as over our merry cousins of old England, where the winter usually allows but a brief exercise of the beautiful sport of skating. In regard to the origin of this winter pastime, it seems that although the ancients were remarkable for their dexterity in most of the athletic sports, yet skating was unknown to them. According to the antiquaries, this exercise made its appearance in the thirteenth century. It probably derived its origin in Holland, where it was practised, not only as a graceful and elegant amusement, but as an expeditious mode of travelling when the lakes and canals were frozen up during winter. In Holland, long journeys are made upon skates with ease and expedition; but, in general, less attention is there paid to graceful and elegant movements, than to the expedition and celerity of what is called journey skating. It is only in those countries where it is considered as an amusement that its graceful attitudes and movements can be studied; and there is no exercise whatever better calculated to set off the human figure to advantage.

The acquirement of most exercises may be attained at an advanced period of life; but, to become an expert skater, it is necessary to begin the practice of the art at a very early age. It is difficult to reduce the art of skating to a system. It is principally by the imitation of a good skater that a young beginner can form his own practice. Many persons, though often remarkable for feats of agility upon skates, are very deficient in gracefulness, which is partly owing to the construction of the skates. They are too much curved in the surface which embraces the ice, consequently they bring the users of them involuntarily round on the outside upon a quick and small circle; whereas the skater, by using skates of a different construction, less curved, has the command of his stroke, and can enlarge or diminish the circle according to his own wish or desire.

Those who wish to be proficients should begin at an early period of life; and should first endeavor to throw off the fear which always attends the commencement of an apparently hazardous amusement. They will soon acquire a facility of moving on the inside; when they have done this, they must endeavor to acquire the movement on the outside of the skates; which is nothing more than throwing themselves upon the outer edge of the skate, and making the balance of their body tend towards that side, which will necessarily enable them to form a semi-circle. In this, much assistance may be derived from placing a bag of lead-shot in the pocket next to the foot employed in making the outside stroke, which will produce an artificial poise of the body; this afterwards will become natural by practice.

At the commencement of the outside stroke, the knee of the employed limb should be a little bent, and gradually brought to a rectilineal position when the stroke is completed. The following rules should also be carefully practised and strictly attended to—they will be of the greatest service:

1. When the practitioner becomes expert in forming the semi-circle with both feet, he is then to join them together, and proceed progressively and alternately with both feet, which will carry him forward with a graceful movement.
2. Care should be taken to use very little muscular exertion, for the impelling motion should proceed from the mechanical impulse of the body thrown into such a position as to regulate the stroke.
3. At taking the outside stroke, the body ought to be thrown forward easily, the unemployed limb kept in a direct line with the body, and the face and eyes directly looking forward: the unemployed foot ought to be stretched toward the ice, with the toes in a direct line with the leg.
4. In the time of making the curve, the body must be gradually and almost imperceptibly raised, and the unemployed limb brought in the same manner forward: so that, at finishing the curve, the body will bend a small degree backward, and the unemployed foot will be about two inches before the other, ready to embrace the ice, and form a correspondent curve.
5. The muscular movement of the whole body must correspond with the movement of the skate, and should be regulated so as to be almost imperceptible to the spectator.
6. Particular attention should be paid in carrying round the head and eyes with a regular and imperceptible motion; for nothing so much diminishes the grace and elegance of skating as sudden jerks and exertions which are so frequently used by the generality of skaters.
7. The management of the arms likewise deserves attention. There is no mode of disposing of them more gracefully in skating outside, than folding the hands into each other, or using a muff.

There are various feats of activity and manœuvres used upon skates, but they are so various that we cannot pretend to detail them. Moving on the outside is the primary object for a skater to attain; and when he becomes an adept in that, he will easily acquire a facility in executing other branches of the art. There are few exercises but will afford him hints of elegant and graceful attitudes. For example, nothing can be more beautiful than the attitude of drawing the bow and arrow, while the skater is making a large circle on the outside: the manual exercise and military salutes have likewise a pretty effect, when used by an expert skater.

Skating is an amusement well calculated for the severity of the winter, as it contributes to promote both insensible perspiration and the circulation of the blood. It might be remarked, however, that some precaution is necessary to retire from this enticing diversion in proper time; because the body being thrown into sensible perspiration, is thus rendered more susceptible of cold, and unless due attention be paid to this circumstance, a cold will probably be the consequence.

A society has been formed in Philadelphia under the name of the "Philadelphia Skating Club;" the object of which is the improvement of this recreation, as well as for the purpose of affording succor to those who may meet with any misfortune whilst skating, by getting into air holes, or falling through thin ice, &c. The members of this club have their reels, lines, hooks and everything necessary to afford instant relief. They also have "cautions," which they affix in close proximity to every dangerous spot on that skating ground to which the great body of skaters and spectators most generally resort. The field of operation of this club is the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, where the best skating is almost always to be found during the cold season. We have no knowledge of the existence of a similar club, but we have every confidence that the praiseworthy example of our Philadelphia friends will have the effect to bring about such humane organizations in every locality where skating is indulged in.

We have heard that some skaters have skated two miles in two minutes, the strokes on an average being each ten yards. George Seward, an American pedestrian, is said to have gone on skates at the rate of 30 miles per hour. This velocity exceeds that of the race-horse, and the fatigue occasioned by it is much less.

To the native of Holland skating is quite as familiar as walking, and he puts on his skates with the same indifference as we do our shoes;—these instruments, indeed, are indispensable to the Dutch in the winter season, and are used by men, women, and children constantly. The women skate to market with provisions, and children of five or six years old and upwards accompany them, not lazily hanging at their backs or on their arms, but each little skater with winged feet flies after its mother, and carries a little basket of eggs or other articles along with it. Interesting scene! How admirably adapted are the manners and customs of mankind to the climates appointed for them by Providence. Skating is pursued in this country as an amusement only, but in Holland, it is absolutely necessary, and supplies a cheap and commodious method of transport to all classes of people. The Dutch skates are not so finely shaped as those we use; and the skaters are more remarkable for the ease than elegance of their execution.

We may give some instructions in regard to the manner of skating in a future number.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD!—Such were the headings of a number of articles in the press during the past week eulogistic of Mr. Brougham's recent railroad trip to Philadelphia. Now it may be all right and proper, in the estimation of our contemporaries, to mislead *their* readers, as they have done, for the sake of puffing a theatrical manager, but as we can afford to be somewhat independent in these matters, not relying upon advertising patronage for support, we shall undertake to show that Mr. Brougham's "Unprecedented Dramatic Performance and Excursion Extraordinary" was nothing more nor less than a pleasant bit of theatrical humbuggery, at the expense of that dear people, our "fellow citizens."

In the first place, let us see wherein there was anything extraordinary in this dramatic performance, and how far Mr. Brougham's performances accorded with his promises. By the "bills of the day" we find that "John Brougham *and his company* will perform on Thursday night, Nov. 13, in *two* distinct performances—in *two* separate theatres, in *two* different cities, one hundred miles apart!" So much for what was promised. The piece selected for Mr. "Brougham and his company" to appear in at the Bowery Theatre, New York, was a very little farce called the "Stage Struck Irishman," embracing some four or five characters; not quite the strength of the company, our readers will observe. Well, this very little farce, for this occasion only, was performed in the "unprecedented time" of *sixteen minutes*. Thus much for the performance in New York. Now let us see what is doing in Philadelphia. The great majority of Mr. B's. company who were to perform in Pocahontas, at the Philadelphia theatre, had been very quietly sent on to that city, in *one of the afternoon regular trains*, and were all in readiness, "with their harness on," when Mr. Brougham and the "representatives of the press" arrived at the National Theatre. So much for the part Mr. Brougham's company took in "two distinct performances—in two separate theatres—in two different cities, one hundred miles apart!" It is a pity to spoil an affair so nicely arranged, but truth compels us to unmask the deception.

In the next place we beg to call the attention of our readers to this "very fast and unprecedented time" we have heard so much about, and to compare it with time made both in this country and in Europe, by special as well as regular railroad trains. The entire distance from Jersey City, opposite New York, to Kensington, at the upper end of Philadelphia, which is the shortest route between the two cities, is just *eighty-five miles*. Mr. Brougham's "special train," consisting of "one of the best locomotives" belonging to the Jersey railroad company, and two passenger cars, left Jersey City at eight minutes before eight o'clock, and arrived at the Philadelphia depot at Kensington, at ten o'clock; *two hours and eight minutes* being the time consumed, from which deduct four minutes for stoppages, and we have *two hours and four minutes* as the actual time made by this "special train" in running *eighty-five* miles. Or, *eighty-five miles in one hundred and twenty-four* minutes; thus consuming within a fraction of *one minute and a half per mile!* And this is the "extraordinary speed," and "astounding feat" which, the press would have us believe, has never been equalled. But, replies some one, you have given this as the average time—was not better time than a mile in one minute and a half made during the trip? We have not forgotten this fact, good reader, and will give Mr. Brougham the benefit of the best time made by his "special." By the time-table of the trip, we find that the fastest time made during the "extraordinary transit across the Jersies," was that in going from Elizabethtown to Rahway, said to be a distance of *five miles*, which was run in *six minutes*, being *over one minute to the mile!* And this was the extent of the *fastest* time made in this "astounding railroad feat," which has been heralded to the world as a performance of unexampled magnitude. Very well. Now let us inquire whether this feat has ever been excelled in this country or Europe.

First, then, we intend to "annihilate" Mr. Brougham's fastest time, viz: five miles in six minutes, and will give instances of infinitely better time made in England and in America. By reference to our record of fast time, we find that on an occasion of great moment in England, some years ago, the Duke of Wellington was conveyed in a special railroad train from Paddock to Slough, a distance of *eighteen miles*, in *fifteen minutes!* being at the rate of *a mile* in a fraction over *three-quarters of a minute!*

Sometime during the year 1855, the locomotive Hamilton Davis, with several cars attached, made *fourteen miles in eleven minutes!* on the New York Central Railroad, being at the rate of *one mile in three-quarters of a minute!*

Thus, we have annihilated Mr. Brougham's "unprecedented time," even taking his much-bepuffed five miles in six minutes.

"But," says another believer in the "astounding New

Jersey feat,' "you have only beaten us at 'short distances,' while Mr. Brougham's special run eighty-five miles in one hundred and twenty-four minutes. What have you to say to that?"

All in "good time," skeptical friend—we have made ample provision for all those little matters, and intend to spoil your eighty-five miles feat with the same facility as we have your "sprint running." On several railroads in England, the time called for and made on express trains, is at the rate of one mile to the minute, for long as well as short distances. The ordinary time on the Great Western Railway is fifty miles per hour.

In our own country we have done equally as well as our transatlantic friends. For instance, on the Hudson River Railroad, a few years since, the locomotive New York, as also the Dutchess, with regular trains, made the distance from 31st street, New York, to East Albany, one hundred and forty-two miles in all, in two hours and fifty-seven minutes, or *one hundred and forty-two miles in one hundred and seventy-seven minutes*, being at the rate of *one mile in one minute and a quarter!* and this, be it remembered, was the time called for by the company's time table. We know that in one instance this time was beaten considerably, but as we have not been able to obtain particulars of the performance at present, we shall "let it slide," but our readers may expect to see the time set forth in our annual time-table, to appear in our forthcoming PICTORIAL.

In short, this "New Jersey feat" has been so often excelled on different roads, by regular trains, that engineers and railroad men laugh at the attempts made to bolster up brother Brougham's "extraordinary railroad performance," as "the best time on record." We think we have given examples sufficient to convince the most skeptical that brother Brougham's "great speed" was nothing more nor less than an ordinary pleasure trip, and that the performance by himself "and company," on *one* evening, "in *two* distinct pieces—in *two* separate theatres—in *two* different cities, one hundred miles apart!" was really nothing astonishing; was a feat that could be accomplished by almost any individual without all the accompanying balderdash and puffery bestowed upon "our manager's" astonishing piece of "fast travelling" and humbuggery. In fact, the only really fast time made was that accomplished by Mr. Brougham and his company (?) in getting through the "Stage Struck Irishman" in the "unprecedented time" of *sixteen minutes!* All the fuss about this "astounding railroad feat" is to be placed to the credit of the reporters of the "respectable press," who owed this much to brother Brougham for his extreme liberality in allowing them to participate in the excursion, feed and all, free of expense. It was a sort of debit and credit account, "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," and the balance sheet shows a trifling amount in favor of brother Brougham, the "reportorial corps" having misled their readers and sacrificed truth in order to make their account come out straight with "our manager."

Thus much for *our* view of this "extraordinary performance" in "two pieces, in two theatres, in two cities one hundred miles apart." "If it ain't right, we'll make it right in the morning."

BALLS, BALLS.—We are now entering upon the season of terpsichorean amusement, and everything promises well for a brilliant campaign.

Washington Hose Co., No. 6, will give their annual Invitation Ball, on Tuesday evening next, 25th inst., at Gothic Hall. The ball follows in the wake of the target excursion of the Washington Hose Volunteers, which comes off on Tuesday next.

The ball of the "Oriental Coterie" will be given at the Apollo Rooms, on the 17th of December,

The fifth Invitation Ball of the Warren Light Guards takes place on Friday evening, 28th inst., at the Apollo Rooms.

While upon this subject we might mention that if any of our friends wish their printing done neatly and at reasonable prices, Phair & Co., No. 22 Beekman street, will do it for them at the shortest notice. They possess many facilities for getting up fancy work which other printers do not have. Try them.

FISTIC.—Our friends should not neglect to provide themselves with the CLIPPER regularly, for we are now publishing reports of some of the best contests that ever took place in the fistic arena. In this No. will be found an account of the great battle between Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan. In our next will be given a report of an exciting fight which took place in 1841 between Dick Cain and Ned Adams.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE PREMIUMS.—The following are among the premiums recently awarded at the Fair of the American Institute, at the Crystal Palace:

HORSES—SILVER CUPS, VALUED AT $20 TO $50.

Lewis A Sayre, New York, for the best pair of matched horses (Roans) $50.

Joseph Churchill, N. Y., for the second best pair of matched horses (Greys) $30.

Elnathan Gazley, Clinton, Duchess Co., N. Y., for the best pair of fat oxen. $30.

John Appleton, Orange Co., N. Y., for the best stallion (8 years old), "Tom Crib" $25.

A. G. Campbell, New York, for the best stallion, "Young Andrew Jackson." $25

William Cummings, New York, for the best single horse in harness. $25.

Henry C. Barrett, West Farms, N. Y., for the best three-year old bull, "Major" $25.

Thomas Richardson, West Farms, N. Y., for the best bull, three years old, or upwards, "Duke of Cambridge." $25.

S. & L. Huribut, Winchester Co., Ct., for the best 3-year old bull $25.

Bathgate Bridges, Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y., for the best blood mare and colt. $25.

Henry Lloyd, Lloyd Manor, L. I., for the second best stallion, "Umpire" $20.

B. M. Whitlock, New York, for the second best single horse in harness. $20.

James M. Cockroft, 27 W. 41st street, for the second best stallion. $20.

Thomas Whitson, Flushing, L. I., for the best brood mare and colt. $20.

Edward A Lawrence, Flushing, L. I, for the best pair of matched horses. $20.

Diana Vernon, New Utrecht, L. I., for fine horsemanship. $20.

Thomas Richardson, West Farms, N. Y., for the best native cow, "Bijou." $20.

Hugh Lunny, Westchester, N. Y., for the best grade cow. $20.

Edward G Faile, Westchester, N. Y., for the best Devon cow, "Titania" $20

Alfred M. Treadwell, Madison, Morris Co., N. J., for the best Ayrshire cow, "Jessy." $20.

S. & L Huribut, Winchester, Ct., for the best pair of working oxen. $20.

BOATS—SILVER MEDAL.

W. H. & J. S. Darling, 366 South street, for the best race boats.

Joseph Colton, 335 Broadway, for the best life-boat.

CHAMPION OARSMEN.—Through the courtesy of our St. John friends, and the politeness of Capt. W. M. Smith, we have been favored with ambrotype likenesses of Messrs. Dennis Morris, John Lambert, John Morris, and Edward Welsh, those celebrated oarsmen of St. John, N. B., who have achieved so many triumphs during the past year or two. We are having an engraving made from their likenesses, which will appear in our next. So look out for the champion oarsmen.

THE COMING POULTRY EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—We have great pleasure in stating that the Executive Committee of the State Poultry Society of Pennsylvania have secured National Hall, Market street, (above 12th street,) Philadelphia, for their third grand Annual Exhibition of Poultry, Pigeons, Canary and other Birds of Song, to be held during Christmas week. The collection will be ready for visitors on Tuesday, December 23d, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and will continue open the whole of the week from 9 A. M. until 10 o'clock, P. M. The following particulars will furnish all necessary information concerning the proposed Exhibition:

It is the determination of all concerned to make this the most attractive exhibition of the feathered creation ever held on this continent; and in view of the number of prominent poulterers who have already notified the managers of their intention to contribute, there is no doubt of entire success.

John Jacob Bower, of Baltimore, who has one of the most extensive collections of imported and domestic water fowl, including black and white swans, also a *white pea fowl*, is now in correspondence with the Society in relation to his display; his stock at the last annual exhibition elicited universal admiration.

Albertus Welsh, of York, Penn., has signified his intention to contribute largely; his collection is a show of itself.

Jonathan Dorwart, of Lancaster, who is perhaps one of our most enterprising poulterers, states his determination to exhibit many of his best fowls, of which he has a most excellent collection.

Matthias Rusk and Samuel Rusk, both celebrated for their game fowls, intend showing one hundred head of their best stock, which will include specimens of the renowned White Hackles, Black Reds, Blue Reds, Brass Backs, Black and Silver Greys, Lord Seftons, Lord Derbys, and others In this department there exists the greatest rivalry, and no doubt there will be the greatest number of really fine game fowls that have ever been brought together for public inspection. Those in want of good fowls should embrace the opportunity thus afforded of making selections. As none but members of the Society are allowed to exhibit, those of our readers [over 21 years of age) who desire to join, can address the Board of Managers, box 1856 Post office, Philadelphia, and forward a dollar, the yearly fee for membership. Life membership costs five dollars.

The Society owns one hundred and sixty-five elegant wire cages, which they rent to exhibitors at a charge of 50 cents each; feed is also provided, and day and night watchmen engaged to feed and water the fowls, also to protect the fowls while in the Society's charge.

Applicants for cages will address "Chairman Executive Committee," box 1856 P. O., before the 15th of December; cages must be paid for in all cases at the time they are engaged.

Although the Society organized in Pennsylvania, yet gentlemen from other States are heartily invited to join and co-operate for the improvement of this the Poultry department of Agriculture.

The Society numbers at present some three hundred members, who feel interested in its success, and nothing will be left undone that enterprise, talent and means will accomplish.

Fowls intended for competition must be at National Hall before 9 o'clock on Tuesday, the 23d of December; at that hour the books of entry will close.

A poster will be out at an early day, and will contain the arrangements in detail.

Members of the press are cordially invited to be present; those from a distance must be introduced to the Board of Managers, who will constitute a Committee of Reception

Special invitations will be extended to the President of the United States, to the heads of department at Washington, and to the Governors of the several States.

Our own worthy chief magistrate, Governor Pollock, is a firm friend of agriculture and everything pertaining to its advancement; he was the guest of the Society during its last exhibition, and made many friends by his gentlemanly and familiar deportment; he seemed delighted with his visit, and it was gratifying to all concerned to have the pleasure of his agreeable company. It is expected he will be again with us this season.

Governor Pollock is a most admirable and fluent speaker, he is never at a loss for ideas nor a proper manner of expression; he is forcible in argument, and has a happy way of making those round him feel at home. Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1856. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, Oct. 31, 1856.

FRIEND QUEEN—With the temporary lull in yachting and in cricketing, caused by the change of the season, we have now run right into the football fun which I spoke of two or three weeks ago. At Eton, Shrewsbury, Rugby, or Westminster, and at all those places where large schools are in existence, this exhilarating sport is carried on with a rush. In garrisons, barracks, and all the large public institutions, the national love of out-door sport readily seizes upon football as the best pastime to bring out all classes upon a similar "footing." No doubt but that if the N Y. CLIPPER should take up the subject, this rattling and lively game might become as popular in America as you have already made cricket and base ball. Put in, Frank; put in, and win.

Pedestrianism, also, has the usual impetus of autumnal sunshine and glowing breezes. The appearance of Jim Pudney (when running for his bet of £50 to make eleven miles within the hour) at the Prince of Wales Cricket Ground, near Oxford, has caused quite a "revival" among the long-legged amateurs in that ancient university. Mr. NIXON, the well-known cricketer, superintended the arrangements. The following is the timing for each mile—1st, 5:10. 2d, 4:57. 3d, 5:13. 4th, 5:38. 5th, 5:32. 6th, 5:30. 7th, 5:30 8th, 5:40. 9th, 5:45. 10th, 5:40. On the eleventh mile, the utmost excitement prevailed as the time left was a hard jam for Pudney. Two disinterested timekeepers had been chosen on the ground, but no referee. According to one of those timekeepers, Pudney won by a second; according to the other, Pudney had lost by a second. This being the case, and no referee appointed, you will perceive that all bets were invalidated, and must be counted off The timepiece used by the timekeeper at the winning post was not a stop watch. Still the sport was good. The first two miles, in 10: 7, gave great hopes for Pudney.

Jack Levett wishes to run Jim Pudney or any other pedestrian, ten miles for £50 a side and the championship, to come off in Scotland before Christmas. Jack is to choose the ground, and will allow £10 for expenses to each competitor. This is plucky talk, and Jack will no doubt be accommodated.

In Manchester, Mr. Jennison has been making great improvements in the running ground at Bellevue. The iron railings at the top turning have been extended at least two hundred yards into the far side, so that runs of more than half a mile are sure to be well protected and the spectators more secure in their places.

No doubt the pedestrian sports at Aldershot and at Chatham have increased the public attention this season. The success of Major Astley, of the Scots Fusileer Guards, in winning four out of the twelve prizes at Aldershot, has created quite an enthusiasm in favor of our Scottish friends. I sent you the first Aldershot programme at the time, and perhaps you would now like the result in the second, when the competition was confined to the officers. I believe I sent all the main particulars. The day was just as if made to order. Capt. Bathurst, of the Grenadier Guards, acted as clerk of the course, as at the first meeting. Aldershot was filled with the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. The troops were so arranged that every man could enjoy the sport. Each item on the programme came off (British style) to the minute announced:—

1. Hurdle races, 100 yards, and jump 10 hurdles. Prize—a silver inkstand, value £12. Won by Lieut. Phillips, G. G., with Capt. Sayer, 1st D. G., second.

2 High jump. Prize—silver snuff box and the entrance money (5s. each.) Won by Hon. Capt. Mostyn.

3 Race. Prize—Aldershot Cup, value £20. Won by Major Astley, S. F G., with Capt. Sayer, 1st D. G., second.

4. The Veteran Stakes. Col. the Hon. James Lindsey, G. G., walked over.

5. Flat race, 200 yards. Prize—The Royal Pavilion Cup, given by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. Won by Major Astley, S. F. G., with Capt. Bathurst, G. G., a very close second.

6. Broad jump, pontoon fashion. Prize—Silver Cup, and entrance money. Won by Lieut Phillips, G. G.

7. Race of 440 yards. Prize—Silver Cup, value £10, and entrance money. Won by Major Astley, Capt. Bathurst second.

8. Ashley Park Stakes, for 100 yards. Won by Capt Paget, Royal Artillery, 13st 7lb.

9. Sack race, 80 yards. Prize—Subscription purse. Won easily by Capt. Sayer, but all the competitors were required to make the distance, amid the roars of laughter suggested by their ups and downs

10. Mile race. Prize—a valuable punch bowl, and the entrance money (10s each). Won by Ensign Girdwood, G G.

11 Race backwards, 50 yards. Subscription purse. Won by Hon. Mr. Fiennes, the famous cricketer.

12. Heavy-Marching-Order race, 200 yards Prize—Silver tankard, and the entrance money (10s each). Won by Major Astley, with Lieut. Phillips a very neighborly second.

The usual popularity of the Scots Fusileer Guards and the Grenadier Guards has of course not been lessened by the part they took in the Crimean campaign, and the camp at Aldershot will no doubt continue to give many a day of similar sport.

These affairs are very "contagious." There is no telling where their influence stops, among the right sort of blood. The garrison sports at Chatham have set the civilians all alive. Two of the dock-yard men, Edward Rowland and William Bartholomew, have had a 100-yard race for £10, and Rowland was the winner in 11 seconds.

At Birmingham, Sheffield Salford Borough, Manchester, Boston, Peterborough, Bradford, Newcastle, Sunderland, York, Bristol, Plymouth, Grantham, Leeds, Leicester, and Derby, runs are to come off. Not a day in November without one or more.

The cricketers have much to say about the contemplated matches of 1857, and I understand that negotiations are on foot for an interchange of good feelings and first-rate play between the old red and the new cricket grounds in "Young America." If need be, a picked party will go over to you, or the folks here will pay for a picked party from the United States If the Canadians put in also, either way, so much the better. Put in, boys; put in.

F. Lillywhite is preparing an historical arrangement of all the known cricket matches in which the scores have been preserved, somewhere between four or five thousand, since about 1770. The work is to be interspersed with biographical anecdotes and remarks, illustrative of the modern improvements in cricket.

The stud farm scheme at Newmarket does not make so much talk as formerly. Rifleman is now at Sir Tatton Sykes's stud farm, and the serving fee is set at 15 guineas. Rifleman has won eight out of sixteen races, p cketing £3286. Capt. Osbaldeston's widow refused 3000 guineas for him when a two-year-old. Mr. A Johnstone will not part with the yearling sister to Virago for less than 500 guineas, and you may remember that she was bought in at Doncaster on a bid of 340 guineas. A defect in one leg makes bidders shy, but she may outgrow it. Fisherman and Saucebox are now for sale. The best prices now obtained at Tattersalls are for hunters, in view of the season. The Meltonians are in high glee, and ready for a dash from Kirby Gate The Earl of Stamford, Sir John Trollope, Lord Forester and Lord Henry Bentinck, intend to be not only up to their weight but "up to the hounds." Great Dalby, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Little Dalby, and Market Harborough, will soon hear the "echoing horn" once more. Sir Richard Brooke is spoken of as Master of the Cheshire Hunt. Steeple chasing is added on now at meetings when convenient. Cowbridge and Carrickmacross are examples of this. The Fitzwilliam colors are to leave Danebury for Richmond.

Mr. Ten Broeck's movements begin to attract general attention. The Ascot Cup of 1857 is now spoken of as likely to be the first opportunity for his American horses to make the running if not the winning on an English course, and we may look for some rich items from Ascot Heath next June. If the three prizes usually given at Ascot by the name of "cup" (whatever may be its form) are on the programme in 1857, Mr Ten Broeck's three horses Lecomte, Pryor, and Prioress, may make a dash for the Royal Hunt Cup, the Emperor's Vase, or the Queen's Cup, and probably he may find "luck in odd numbers." At all events, the sport will be good, as the English now understand that they must bring out first-class horses in order to compete with Mr. Ten Broeck's choice examples of American breeding from English blood. The public are sure to be gainers, and I think it quite likely that "the old folks at home" here will learn to wake up and see what "strides" towards perfection the young folks in America have been making. By the way, Mr. Ten Broeck has a very orthodox strapping darkey here to train and breathe his horses. It would be very laughable if Mr. Ten Broeck should now say to the Jockey Club—

"Old folks, ole folks, you'd better go to bed,
You only put de debbel in de young folks' head."

The Newmarket Houghton Meeting just concluded is a grand proof, however, of the vital hold with which horse racing is engrafted upon English notions of sport and customs of business. This no changes seem to affect, and only depopulation of the island could eradicate. The principal changes in my time have been made by the use of railroads, and yet Newmarket seems the same glorious old school of sport as ever. In the good "holden times" of stage coaches, when gentlemen put on a "down-the-roader" for an overcoat, and wore an extra "bird's-eye choker" around the neck, with tight fitting and tighter strapped trousers which seemed to express a decided affinity with the departed days of buckskin breeches, the distance from London was a serious matter. Now, it is a mere jaunt of an hour and a half, "per rail." Where are now the "inveterate" whips who used to wield their whipcord sceptres with such Jovian majesty while putting the "prads" (four in hand) through the numerous cobble-stone villages? Where are now the men "wot drove the Sovereign?" Where is Old Barker, who used to put the Stamford "dilly" through Huntingdon and Cambridge? Where shall we look for the "Corinthian artists" who could "tool the tits" from London to Newmarket, aye, or to 'Norridge" (Norwich,) without taking their feet off the footboard? Where are now the "astonishers" who used to hold the reins while taking a glass of brandy and water from the bar maid, and winking at the "widder" landlady with an assurance that he was to be her "second?" Where are the whips who could take the Newmarket "Highflyer" from coach-yard to coach-yard, and make every turn as near as the sixteenth of an inch? Where should we look now for a Downy Bill or a Jemmy Barlow? They were the coves for the "white cords" and the "yellow tops" But these matters are all changed. We may now go from London to Newmarket without soiling a knife or fork. Just about the time one gets on good talking terms with his company, presto, jig, there you are in Newmarket, right "fornimst" Messrs. Barrow's stud paddocks!

This reminds me that I must not omit the Newmarket Houghton Meeting in the first four days this week. Monday began with a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., which went to Peter Flat, with Jack Sheppard second. For the Handicap Plate, Spinster got the lead, with Tyre second. The Criterion Stakes made good sport, giving the fielders a turn, as was the case in Phaeton's, Para's, and Speed the Plough's years. The stakes went to Lord Exeter's Beechnut (Sister to Filbert,) for she soon shook off Rose, Augury, Dramour, and even Rosa Bonheur, Sydney coming in second. It will be remembered that Beechnut won the Rutland Stakes last summer, and betting people should remember that she is now in the Oaks. At the Burleigh sale last summer Lord Exeter bought her in himself for 490 guineas. We shall soon hear more of Beechnut In the Selling Handicap, England's Beauty came in by a nose, with Amati second. 1st Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. brought in Squire Watt, with Noisette second. 2d Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. brought in Spinnet, with Polly second. The Optional Selling Plate fell to Tame Deer, with Coal-Black Rose second. 3d Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. brought in Spinster, with Firmament second.

On Tuesday, the Fifty Pounds fell to Companion, with Amati second. The run for the Cambridgeshire Stakes seemed desperate. Vengeance had to allow 39lb. to Malacca for age, and Malacca's pace was as killing as when threatening to win the Cesarewitch last week. On the present occasion Vengeance came in second to Malacca, with Polestar third, and thirty-one others just about nowhere. The Selling Handicap Sweepstakes went to Falcon, with Alastor second. The Handicap Sweepstakes went to Patter, with Eardrop second. The Optional Selling Stakes went to Equinox, with the Birthday filly second. 1st Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. brought in Pope Joan, with Teddy second. 2d Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. brought in Oltenitza, with Affghan second.

Wednesday came in with a foretaste of the fogs of November. It was sharp work for the eyes, and tough work for the jockeys. The Optional Selling Plate fell to Noisette, with Blossom second. 1st Sweepstakes of 10 sovs brought in Dramatist, with Tame Deer second. 2d Sweepstakes of 10 sovs brought in Spinster, with Oltenitza second. After this, the weather was unanimously voted as "too bad," as it was scarcely possible to see across the course without attempting to get a sight along it.

The Jockey Club met for business according to previous understanding. This settled, a jovial time generally set in, and the fog was laughed at while "coasting the port" (wine.)

Thursday brought better weather, and, singularly enough, the first horse to win was named Stormsail, with Pope Joan second, for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. For the £50 Handicap Plate, Knight of Avon was successful, with Vandermeulin second. Twenty-two started for it, and among them Mundy, his "first appearance" since the accident at Goodwood. The Handicap Sweepstakes brought in Dewdrop, with King of Forest second. The Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. came out a dead heat with Bel Esperanza and South-Western. The Glasgow Stakes went to Gen Peel's Messenger, with Sir J. Hawley's Mohawk second. 2d Sweepstakes of 10 sovs fell to Spinnet, with Susan Lovell second 2d Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. fell to Mr. T. Parr's M. D., with Mr. J. Osborne's Augury second. The Subscription Plate went to Remedy, with Dupe second. In the Free Handicap, Fisherman and Minsepie shook off all opponents. The Selling Handicap counted for Longsight, with Caliph second.

Such are the events up to last night, when T—— left in the Eastern Counties Railway train about an hour after the last race. I went to meet him here at the Bishopsgate terminus. You will perceive that the races and the order of running were much changed (by the weather and other influences) from the order laid down in the previous programmes The fun will be kept up to-day and to-morrow, (to say nothing of the incidental and postponed matches,) and I shall get my notes from M—— who wanted to see the last two-days' sport and went down "per rail" this morning.

N. B. and Please Remember, (what critical turfites must be well aware of,) that the distances on the courses run at Newmarket are about as variable as the terms of the races. For instance, the B. C. (Beacon Course) is 4 miles, 1 furlong, and 173 yards, while the New T. Y. C (Two-Year-Old Course) on the B. M. (Bunbury Mile) is only 5 furlongs and 140 yards. Between these examples there are about twenty-five varieties, well known to the initiated on the betting stand, but not so generally known to the reading public on either side of the Atlantic.

The Houghton week at Newmarket is always a lively time. About sixty set races are on the programme, such as the Criterion, the Cambridgeshire, the Nursery, or the Houghton Handicap. The added money and the extra matches are more than ever this year 1856 will also be memorable for the introduction of what is called the "auction clause" in the selling races. Here it is:—

"The surplus (if any) above the price for which the horse is entered to be sold, to be paid, two-thirds to the fund, and one third to the owner of the second horse; but, if the one third should exceed the value of the prize, the owner of the second horse shall receive only the value of the prize, and all the remainder shall be paid to the fund."

The next good thing will be the Grand Steeple-chases of the Eastern Counties, which come off near Ipswich. The next is at Windsor, Falstaff or no Falstaff.

The subject of trotting is more and more talked of. The events are interesting as showing an increased attention to this branch of racing, but the particulars would not interest our American "gluttons" in trotting.

Hunting runs and appointments are all the go. Our Irish friends are particularly active. They have the staghounds, foxhounds, and harriers, all pretty well set up this year in Old Ireland.

The coursing in England and in Scotland begins late, but promises first-rate sport, with a very full season. A new subscription pack has been started in the Warboro' country by Mr. Green, of Rolleston, with Tom Day for huntsman. The kennels are at Oadby. John Jones is to succeed the well-known Simpson as huntsman to Lord Henry Bentinck The South Lancashire "opens" well, and the Ardrossan Club (with the patronage of the Earl of Eglinton) are doing nobly in bonnie Scotland. The crops are well cleared, the turnips are plentiful, the dinners are glorious, and the balls in the evening are "all my fancy painted." Hem! This reminds me that I must quit writing. LEATHERSTOCKING.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Nov. 17, 1856.

DEAR FRANK,—As there is absolutely nothing to record from this city in the way of sports (with exception of a race between the boats Undaunted and Lightfoot, in which the former won—no time kept,) perhaps, as I am "i' the vein" I may as well descant a little on theatricals, which, since the election excitement, are receiving their usual share of patronage.

At the Boston Theatre, our American tragedian, Mr. Forrest, is drawing immense houses, and his acting is almost as vigorous as when he played at the Old Boston, some years ago, King Lear, in which Mr. Forrest has gained a great notoriety, from his visiting insane asylums to perfect himself in the peculiar habits of their inmates, drew a first-rate house. Lear, of all characters in tragedy, is the most difficult to perform, and since Garrick, it is presumed there has never been a perfect Lear, and before him there is no one on record. Lear is an old man of impetuous impulse, and constantly in excess. He is capricious and inhuman; but being aged, a king, a father, and an outcast, persecuted by his ungrateful daughter, he is an object of commiseration. Mr. Forrest did himself great credit in his impersonation. The facility with which he entered into the age of the character, the dignity of his deportment, and general apprehension of the author, were remarkable traits of excellence. The curse was denounced with great feeling and effect, and the ironical, though pathetic utterance of these lines, was very appropriate—

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

The moment when his senses began to desert him was happily marked, and the subjects of his raving when he enters mad to Edgar and Gloster, were rendered very distinctly. As a whole, his rendition of the character was remarkably truthful. Mr. Belton, as Edgar, gained much deserved reputation, and he distinguished his personation by traits of the most judicious discrimination. Kent, by Mr. Barry, (old Tom,) had all the sturdy bluntness of the part; and the tenderness was not ill portrayed. The bullying scene had much merit. My limits will not admit any further remarks on the play, but I hope to see a second representation of it. Mr. Forrest commenced this week in his great part of Othello.

At the National, melodrama holds her sway; but does not receive many admirers, on account of the great attractions at the other theatres. A "star" would be of much more value at this establishment than J. B. Howe's dramatic effusions, *heavy* as they are. By-the-by, I would advise this *voluminous* writer to confine his plays to three acts, and not make them disagreeably long by extending them through some five. That popular actor and well-deserving man, Mr. Wyzeman Marshall, plays an engagement here this week, in the French drama of "The Three Guardsmen," dramatised from Dumas' novel of that name. Mr. Marshall is not only a good actor, but a "first-rate fellow;" and being a decided favorite with the Bostonians, his short engagement will be marked with success. It reported that Mr. Marshall is to be stage manager at this establishment, instead of Henry Farren. The ever attractive Ravel Family, under the management of that son of Momus, Gabriel, are at the Howard Athenæum.

The good old times of the Howard seem likely to be revived, and there is not a place I am so partial to, as this little temple of Thespis. "Mazulm" is to be brought out this week, with all the original tricks and comicalities. George Vandenhoff is the present attraction at the "Economical Museum," and he has performed his usual round of "high comedy" characters throughout the week, to first-rate houses. Last Friday was set apart for the benefit of "Old Billy Warren," a regular brick, and one of the best comedians on the stage. The play for the evening, was Sheridan's School for Scandal; Warren as the testy Sir Peter, and Vandenhoff as Charles Surface. The friends of the "Museum favorite" turned out in strong numbers, and filled the house to overflowing.

The School for Scandal has contributed more than any other production, to exalt the name of Sheridan to the high station in the sphere of literary genius which it has attained. Of this comedy, its tendency is highly conducive to the best interests of society, in its exposure of the monstrous deformity and venom of scandal, by tearing from it the seductive attire in which it is robed. Some people who affect to despise the judgment of the critical, throw out remarks prejudicial to this comedy; but the time for cant is about over, and all such hypocritical nonsense for the public mind, passes it by "as the idle wind."

Sir Peter Teazle, by Warren, is one of his most judicious personations. His first scenes were remarkable for force and nicety of discrimination, and when the occasion demanded peculiar efficacy to be given, "then he went in," and his manner of exposing Joseph to Charles was irresistably comic. His peculiar style of smothered laughter, when he discovers the "little French Milliner," fairly convulsed the audience. Mr. Vandenhoff's Charles was admirably delineated, and he played the spirited and warm-hearted, though extravagant rake, to perfection. True, the execution sometimes wanted force. Mr. Davies is not quite as successful as Joseph. Harry Smith personated the frank and old fashioned Sir Oliver in an artistic manner; and Ned Thompson did justice to Crabtree. Sir Benjamin by Bascom—but ye gods! spare, oh spare us from seeing another such Sir Benjamin. The other characters, with the exception of Frank Whitman's Moses, and Mrs. Vincent's Mrs. Candour, were so-so.

Aladdin is to be revived here, with all the original music and decorations. If one ever has an attack of the blues, or feels any way depressed in spirits, just let him stroll into Ordway Hall of an evening, and they will soon be dispelled. There he can witness the quaint antics of Johnny Pell, the inimitable drolleries of the Morris brothers, and be moved to tears (of laughter) by the lachrymal ballads of E. Kelley. The singing of the company was never better; although I would wish to hear a little better alto singer. Mr. Huntley trips it on the light fantastic, and appears to be an ardent worshipper of Terpsichore, by the skillful manner in which he executes some difficult *pas*. Master Edwards, the juvenile jig-dancer, gains admirers every night by his excellent execution. One evening, Yrca Mathias, the Russian danseuse at the Howard, was called "in front" by her admirers. "Speech, speech!" sung out one of the gallery gods. "Say, hold your tongue," said an urchin along side of him "she can't make no speech. Don't yer know she's a Rushin'?" The first god smiled knowingly, and turning to his friend, remarked, "Well, for that reason she ought to make a *rushin'* speech." Such youthful depravity should be denounced. Well, I've played critic long enough. SIM W——.

A NEW STYLE OF DECOY DUCK.—A gentleman, residing in North Weymouth, has a dog in his possession who will betake himself to the water, and secrete himself among a number of decoys arranged for the purpose, until a flock of wild ducks alight near him, when he will seize upon one of their number with his mouth and convey it ashore, alive, to his master. Now, that is what we should call a useful dog, one which, if faithfully employed, will be likely to earn his own living, which is vastly more than many of them do, including some of the biped species.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

NEW RACE COURSE.—Our Philadelphia friends are "wide awake" as regards the turf. In addition to the track of the Point Breeze Association, another has been formed by the Oxford Park Association, and the following premiums offered for horses showing the best speed upon their track, namely: On Tuesday, 18th inst., $200, free to all horses having never before received a premium over one hundred dollars, in harness, mile heats, best three in five; Wednesday, 19th inst., $300, two mile heats, best two in three, to wagons; Thursday, 20th inst., $500, in harness, mile heats, best three in five. Two or more horses in all cases to compete, and free to all, except Lancet and Flora Temple, weather permitting.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—There was a meeting of the fancy marksmen of New York, Boston, Hartford, Utica, and other places, at Bellows Falls, Vt., on the 15th ult., in competition for a silver tea set offered for the best string of shots. The set was, by vote of the marksmen, divided into five prizes, and H. W. Smith of Boston won the first.

CRICKET.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON AT NEWARK.—The Mechanics Club of Newark, N. J., brought the season to a close in that neighborhood on Tuesday, the 11th inst., by a day's play among their own members. The weather was all that could be desired, and a fine bracing air, in connection with the exercise, fully prepared them to do justice to an excellent supper which was served up at the house of Mr. Smith, in Railroad Avenue, and to which about sixty persons sat down, including a number from other Clubs.

After their craving appetites had been satisfied, *over* was called, the cloth removed, and the rest of the evening occupied in toasting, singing, and cracking jokes, in which all hands heartily joined. The following regular toasts were read by their worthy Secretary, Mr. Hinckley, and nobly responded to by the company assembled:

1st. *The President of the United States.*

2d. *The Ancient and Manly Game of Cricket*—May *its* field be the only one in which England and America shall ever contend.

3d. *The Mechanics Cricket Club of Newark*—Young, vigorous and victorious, may its success in the present season attend it through future ages.

4th. *The Press*—The score book of the Universe; unprejudiced in its action, it records the fall of a throne, or the fall of a wicket, and awards due merit to the conqueror on the battle or cricket field.

5th. *The Bowler*—A disreputable character, he is cowardly, as he is always willing to take a stump; dishonest, as at times his ways are underhanded, and when he bails a player it is only that he may have him in his power.

6th. *The Batsman*—The man who makes outs, slips, forward drives, leg hits and frequently wins the game.

7th. *The Wicket Keeper*—Although he backs the batter, he is by no means his friend; nor is he remarkable for modesty, as he is always trying to stump some one.

8th *The Umpire*—The cricketing politician, who is always watching the outs and ins.

9th. *The Scorers*—Honest and faithful men, who record the incomings and outgoings of the players without fear or favor.

10th *The Fieldsman*—Ever ready to catch a man out and treat him with a smile when he is unfortunate.

After these toasts had been read and appropriately responded to, three cheers were proposed and given for the New York Club, to which Mr. Sharp responded in a few brief remarks, thanking them for the great honor they had done the New York Club, and himself individually, and hoped they would have the pleasure of playing a match with them during the ensuing season. Our reporter, previous to his departure, thanked them for the very cordial and polite attention they had paid him, as a member of the press and representative of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and assured them that the proprietors of that paper felt the greatest pleasure in setting apart a portion of its columns for the advancement of cricket. Three hearty cheers were then given for the success of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We are indebted to the gentlemanly Secretary for the following particulars and averages of the batsmen of the Club: This Club has played four matches during the last season, and has won five out of the eight games. The matches were with the Texas Club, of Paterson, N. J.; the Long Island Club, of Brooklyn; and the 2d and 3d Elevens, of the Newark Club, of Newark, N. J. The games were played in Paterson, N. J., Bedford, L. I., and in Newark, N. J. The Texas Club was beaten two games, the Long Island one, and the two Newark elevens, one each. The analysis of the score of the Club is as follows:

Names.	*Matches.*	*Innings.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Over.*	*Times not Out.*
William Petty, Jr.	6	10	141	14	1	1
Joseph Biggs	6	10	124	12	4	..
P. Langford	4	6	72	12	..	..
T. Warner	5	8	47	5	7	1
John Jones	2	4	46	11	2	..
Sam. Powell	3	6	30	5	..	..
J. Turner	6	10	29	2	9	1
W. Bredin	4	7	27	3	6	..
W. Lewis	3	5	27	5	2	1
J. Woolf	2	4	25	6	1	..
J. Ward	6	10	23	2	3	..
J. Warner	5	8	21	2	5	..
J. Perrin	6	10	22	2	2	..
W. Cockroft	6	10	31	3	1	..
Hopperton	2	4	16	4	..	..
E. Biddett	4	8	11	1	3	3
T. Farrell	2	4	11	2	3	..
E. Kane	1	2	8	4	..	..
R. Stokes	2	4	6	1	1	1

AVERAGES OF THE UNION CLUB, OF CINCINNATI.—The obliging Secretary of the Union Club of Cincinnati has sent us the following average of their batsmen, introduced by some very encouraging remarks; he says, that two thirds of their present members never held a bat until the present fall, and that there has been quite an excitement created there in favor of cricket, that will not soon die out. He also says that they number some thirty-five members, full of interest in the game.

Names.	*Matches.*	*Innings.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Over.*	*Times not Out.*
Jonathan Hatterslv	4	8	99	12	3	1
Samuel Hatteral.y	4	8	67	8	3	..
Robert Bell	4	8	53	6	5	..
Richard Burnell	4	8	55	6	7	..
Lewis Packham	4	8	32	4	..	1
William H Coolidge	4	8	29	3	5	..
William Piercy	4	8	82	10	2	..
Joseph Whitehouse	2	3	29	9	2	1
Ed. Budden	4	8	13	1	5	..
H. West	1	2	1	..	1	..
J Atkins, Sr	2	4	13	3	1	..
J. Atkins, Jr	2	3	25	8	1	1
H T. Cole	2	4	5	1	1	..
John Evans	2	4	3	..	..	..
Edward Shaw	2	4	6	1	2	..
J. C. Colton	2	4	1	..	1	..
F. Hopper	3	6	5	..	5	..
H. Swan	3	6	4	..	4	..
Aaron F Stoll	2	3	0	..	..	1
Edwin Edwards	1	2	2	1	..	..
John Bigelow	1	2	1	..	1	..
Alfred Lloyd	1	2	0	..	..	..
Thomas Barcoe	2	3	18	4	1	1
Ed. Stacy	1	2	21	10	1	..
John Gilbert	2	3	3	1	..	1
Thomas Burnett	2	4	5	1	1	..
James J Cassidy	4	8	9	1	1	..
John Parker	1	2	0	..	0	..

JONATHAN HATTERSLY, Secretary.

ISTHMIAN VS. LILLYWHITE.—The following is the score of a game played in West Philadelphia, on Saturday, 8th inst., between the first Elevens of the Isthmian and Lillywhite Cricket Clubs, in which the former were the victors. The score on either side was not very large, owing to the superior bowling and fielding. The bowling of W. Hoyt, J. Hoyt, and R. More, of the Isthmians, was very much admired, as was also that of Loud, J. Schwartz, and H. Smith, of the Lillywhite. The batting of W. Hoyt, and of C. Davis, was splendid, Hoyt making four 3 hits to leg, and Davis to long field on. Hoyt retired with a score of 31, and Davis 30, in both innings. Score:

LILLYWHITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..G. Schwartz b W. Hoyt..	1	b W. Hoyt	0
2..Butcher b J. Hoyt	1	run out	3
3..J. Schwartz run out	2	c Hare b W. Hoyt	8
4..Loud b W. Hoyt	8	W. Davis c F. Bissell b W. Hoyt	5
5..H. Smith b W Hoyt	4	b W Hoyt	0
6..Newell b W. Hoyt	0	b W. Hoyt	1
7..Burnett c Land b W. Hoyt	1	b More	0
8..C Davis not out	6	b More	24
9..Westcott b W. Hoyt	0	b W. Hoyt	1
10..McMoulin b J. Hoyt	1	c F. Bissell b W. Hoyt	2
11..Sanders b J. Hoyt	1	not out	0
Wides 2, byes 8	10	Wide 1, byes 4, no ball 1	6
Total	35	Total	50

ISTHMIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..R. More b J Schwartz	10	b J. Schwartz	0
2..W. Hoyt c Burnett	14	b J Schwartz	17
3..J Hoyt c Burnett	0	b Smith	17
4..F Bissell c Wescott	0	c J Schwartz	8
5..Moss b Loud	1	Graffen c Newell	0
6..Lane b Loud	1	b Smith	0
7..Snyder b Burnett	2	b Smith	1
8..Howes b J. Schwartz	0	c Newell	2
9..Fry b Loud	0	not out	0
10..W. Bissell c Wescott	0	not out	2
11..Hare not out	0	b C. Davis	5
Byes 6, leg bye 1	7	Byes	4
Total	35	Total	56

PITHIAN VS. NEMEAN.—The return match between the first elevens of these clubs took place at West Philadelphia, on the 1st inst., and a closely contested game it proved to be. The batting of Bickley, Wetherill and Wagner was excellent, as was also the bowling of T. Eakin and Wharton. These gentlemen bid fair to become cricketers of no ordinary character. The following is the score:

PITHIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Boulton b L. Eakin	2	c Wetherill	0
2..Howell c L. Eakin	5	b L. Eakin	0
3..Kester c Fraley	0	b Scott	0
4..Brown c Scott	1	b L. Eakin	6
5..Wharton c Fraley	5	b L. Eakin	0
6..Wagner not out	6	c Bickley	8
7..Perves knocked wic down	1	hit wicket	8
8..Lea b Ridgeley	1	c Fraley	2
9..Stokes b Wetherill	5	c L. Eakin	1
10..Pile c Wetherill	0	run out	10
11..Potts c Fraley	0	not out	8
Wides 2, byes 2	4	Wides 3, byes 8	11
No balls	2	Leg byes 2, no ball 1	3
Total	32	Total	67

NEMEAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Scott b Wharton	1	b Wharton	0
2..Allen b Perves	1	c Howell	4
3..C Eakin b Wharton	0	b Wharton	0
4..Wetherill b Wharton	9	b Wharton	7
5..L Eakin b Kester	8	b Wharton	4
6..Fraley b Wharton	3	b Wharton	0
7..Bickley c Stokes	12	b Wharton	0
8..Ridgeley b Wharton	1	b Perves	1
9..Marshall b Wharton	0	b Perves	0
10..Rice b Wharton	0	not out	0
11..Caldwell not out	0	b Wharton	5
Wide 1, bye 1	2	Wide 1, byes 4	5
Total	37	Total	26

CRICKET IN CHICAGO.—A cricket match was played in Chicago on the 31st ult., between eleven of the united clubs of Joliet and Lockport, and eleven of the Chicago club, which resulted in the triumph of the latter, one innings only being played by each side. The following is the score:

CHICAGO.

1..Robert Porter run out	31	8..Slater run out	16
2..John Porter b Mann	8	9..Ades c Douse b Stevens	17
3..Ladlow run out	13	10..Howard c and b Mann	1
4..M. Long b Mann	0	11..Mitteberger run out	2
5..Laycock run out	22	Wides 3, byes 2, no ball	1
6..Symons run out	5	Total	124
7..Bamford b Mann	8		

JOLIET AND LOCKPORT.

1..Adcock l b w b Bamford	0	8..Thurston st out b Laycock	0
2..Boorman b Bamford	4	9..Douse b Laycock	2
3..Priest b Bamford	2	10..Clark b Bamford	2
4..Allers b Bamford	4	11..Wilcox st and b Bamford	2
5..Harrison run out	9	Byes	11
6..Stephens not out	6	Total	43
7..Mann l b w b Laycock	1		

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Trotting, Friday, Nov. 7, 1856.—Match, $2000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

H. Woodruff, ch. g. Rocket.....Received forfeit.
W. Whelan, b. m. Iola.....Paid forfeit.

MONDAY, Nov. 10.—Match, $500; two mile heats, to wagons.

H. Woodruff named s m. Lady Ellen, to wagon and driver weighing 300 lbs	1	1
J. Whelpley named b. m. Fanny Fern, to wagon	2	2

Time—5:43; 5:38.

TROTTING AND PACING IN CALIFORNIA.—UNION COURSE, Saturday, Oct. 4, 1856.—Purse and stake, $1,750. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

Mr. ——, ch. g Tim Barton	1	1	1
Mr. Porter, b. g. Poughkeepsie	2	2	2
Mr. Ferguson, g. g. Glencoe Chief	3 dist.		
Mr. Shear, b. g. Trade Wind	4 dist.		

Time, 2:18¼; 2:44¼; 2:45¼.

PIONEER COURSE, Saturday, Sept. 27.—Purse, $150, for pacing horses, in harness. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Porter, ch. g. Post Boy	3	1	1
D. S. Campbell, br. g. Silvertail	2	2	2
G. F. Furguson, b. g. Joe Wilson	1 dist.		
E. Fulton, b. g. Charley Shear	0 drawn.		

Time, 2:42; 2:43; 2:44; 2:44.

UNION COURSE, Pacing, Tuesday, Sept. 30.—Purse, $150, with an inside of $100 each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

C. H. Shear, g g Fred Johnson	2	1	1
J. Daniels, g. g Daniel Webster	1	2	2
J. Rogers, b. g. Young America	0 paid forfeit.		

Time, 2:29¼; 2:31; 2:35; 2:33; 2:33.

TROTTING AT CHICAGO.—BRIGHTON COURSE, Oct. 20.—Purse, $150. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

H. Graves, s. g. John Tonelly	1	1	1
J. Eoff, gr. m. Lady Oliver	2	2	2
E. Fish, s. g. Selim	3	3	3

Time, 2:39; 2:37; 2:46.

SECOND DAY, Oct. 21.—Purse, $100, for all pacing horses. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

E. Boyington, b. g. Tom Hyer	1	1	
Dr. Freeman, s. g. James Buchanan	2 dist.		
Smith, gr. m. Western Chief	3 dist.		
Mr. Butler, ro. m. Lady Green	4 dist.		

Time, 2:47; 2:35.

THIRD DAY, Oct. 22.—Purse, $100, free to all stallions. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Wheeler, ch. g. Young Warrior	1	1	1
J Roberts, ch. h. Jack Temple	2	2	2
J. Bradbury, b. h. Young Mountain Boy	3	3	3

Time, 2:46; 2:40; 2:40¼.

NICK NAX.—The December number of this popular comic periodical is unusually amusing. If you wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, buy "Nick Nax."

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life, Oct. 26, 1856.

THE RING.

Fight between Bos Tyler and George Robinson (the Black) for £25 a Side.

IN accordance with articles, the contest between these men was to have been brought to a conclusion on Tuesday, and the patrons of the polite art anticipated a good day's sport, as, in addition to the above event, there was also to have been a second battle, Tom Tyler, who is a younger brother of Bos, and White having agreed to settle difference of opinion as regards fistic superiority in the same ring. It will, however, be seen that nothing but difficulties and disappointments were encountered, and that, owing to the interference of the Blues, who were on the alert, the doings of the day terminated, much to the chagrin of all, in the most unsatisfactory manner. This was the first time that Robinson had ever appeared in the London Ring, although in the provinces he had contended in two minor affairs, in which he acquitted himself in such a way as to gain the good opinion of provincial sporting men. He is not more than 21, and is brother to the late celebrated James Robinson of Manchester, who for his extraordinary milling excellence gained the *sobriquet* of the Ebony Phenomenon. On coming to the metropolis he was at once taken under the fostering wing of the Spider, who undertook to find the needful for him in the present match. He is a quiet and unassuming lad, and since his sojourn in the great metropolis had made many friends. Bos Tyler has long been associated with the London Ring, having fought with the gallant Jack Keefe, Baldock, &c.; but although he has been looked on as being a rather quick and effective fighter, yet he has never won the reputation of being either a very game or determined boxer, and from his want of bulldog courage, combined with his tumble-down tactics, he has not attained a high position among the milling celebrities of the day. For the present passage of arms he was backed from Harry Orme's, and as in this contest he was to be opposed to a man considerably less than himself, hopes were entertained that he would for once stand up in a fair and honorable manner; and certainly, from the few rounds that were fought, we must state that Bos behaved in much better style than we had ever before witnessed. The weight at which the combatants had to fight having been carelessly omitted in the articles, but little importance was attached to the ceremony of weighing, which took place on Monday, at the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, the men going down with a bump at 9st. 7lb. with all their togs on. This meeting was numerously attended by their partisans, and when the combatants were thus brought together, the striking superiority in size of Tyler could not fail to be noticed; but, as a drawback in some respects to this, Tyler, it will be remembered, has only one good optic, while the Black, on the other hand, had both his lamps in good order. The friends of Tyler freely backed their man at 6 and 7 to 4. Harry Orme and the Spider made arrangements for having the contest off in a snug and pleasant manner, but, on the men and their partisans arriving at Purfleet, it was soon ascertained that in that locality it would not do. The policemen were found to be in readiness on the Kentish coast, and it became necessary to move, and it was agreed to try the Halfway House in Long Reach. Here Ould Tom and his assistants lost no time in forming the ring, and when this had been made ready Bos was the first to make his appearance within the ropes, being immediately followed by Robinson. The men had been in the ring about half an hour, and their backers were making selection of a referee, when the "Blues" came again to the scene of action, and another move became inevitable. The ropes and stakes were removed with all possible dispatch, and the river was crossed to Rainham. Here the combatants for the second time stepped within the ropes, in the presence of more than two thousand spectators. Tyler, who appeared to be in splendid condition, was waited on by Woody and George Brown, while Jemmy Welsh and Dan Collins assisted Robinson. In betting, Tyler was the favorite at 2 to 1.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Robinson put himself in a very neat and artistic attitude, and about the chest appeared to be a lad of good muscular proportions. If not quite so confident in his bearing as Tyler, still he was cool and collected, and stood in a resolute and determined manner. Bos also assumed a good position, and it was apparent that he was sanguine of success, for his knowing-looking phiz was illumed with a self-satisfied smile. After some little manœuvring, the Black let fly with the left, but did not get home with any apparent force. Bos instantly returned the compliment, but his left mawley was prettily stopped by Robinson, who then shifted his position, Tyler, as his adversary retired, followed, and, in commencing the attack, planted his left in good style on the nob. This was followed by some sharp exchanges, when the combatants closed. Some fibbing now ensued, and the lads, after struggling for the fall, went down together in a harmless manner, Tyler rolling completely over his opponent.

2. In the preceding bout, Bos had evidently got home with good effect on Robinson's right peeper, for, on coming up, it appeared to be a little puffed. The Black, however, was the first to take the initiative, and dashed out the left with considerable force on the side of Tyler's pimple. Bos went to work with much spirit. The left he planted twice in good style on Robinson's head, when the Black, after making some exchanges with his opponent, closed. They struggled near the ropes, when Bos, finding that his opponent was not to be got on them, slipped, and went down.

3. Tyler, with his dangerous left, put in a stinger on the Black's proboscis, who in return planted the same mawley on Bos's cheek. Tyler then broke ground, but was followed by Robinson, and in a spirited rally they fought to the ropes, when they closed, and after some half-arm fighting, struggled for the fall, which terminated in both going down.

4. Tyler gave a pretty one two with the left and right, but Robinson did not succeed in returning the compliment with effect, his blow being delivered out of distance. As Bos kept weaving and retreating, the Darky followed up with considerable impetuosity, and in the counter got home with much force, although Bos had just a shade the best of it. After a slight pause they again went to work, and fought until they got upon the ropes. As Robinson was attempting to break away, Bos got his nob in the crook, and there held his opponent till they went down.

5. Bos, with his left, again paid a visit to Robinson's nasal prominence, and then fought with him in a rapid manner. In these exchanges Tyler planted some telling shots on his adversary's dial, but received a stinger or two in return on the top of his cranium. After this spirited two-handed fighting, they closed, when both went to grass.

6. Tyler administered the left full on the top part of the Black's right peeper, and followed with a rattling spank from the other mawley. Robinson's returns were out of distance. The Black, after a brief pause, renewed the battle with much spirit, and the lads fought with both mawleys till they closed, when Tyler went to grass.

7. The attack was commenced by Bos, who planted a fine spank on the nob with the left, and got well away from the return. The Darky followed as his man broke ground, and when they got to within distance, they rattled away with much determination. These exchanges were unquestionably in favor of Bos, and in a slight rally they closed, when in the struggle for the fall both went to grass, Robinson being under.

8. Robinson led off with the left, and administered a stinger on Tyler's *os frontis*, but in return napped some tell-tales from his opponent on the nob. In a rally they fought to a close, when, after some fibbing, they went down together in a scrambling kind of manner.

9. Bos, with the left, delivered a well directed hit on the head and got away, but on the instant was followed by his opponent, when Tyler again planted another heavy spank on the jaw. Robinson, in return, fought his way in with both mawleys to a close, when, after some rather sharp fibbing, the lads struggled for the fall, and the round terminated in both going to grass.

10. After some counters, which were decidedly in favor of Bos, the men paused, Tyler taking advantage of this to shift his position, for the purpose of drawing his man on. After some little manœuvring they again commenced hostilities, Bos, with the left, planting a stinger on the head, but in return received one or two well directed hits from his opponent. The lads now closed, and after some half-arm hitting they went down, Bos being under.

11. In some pretty exchanges both got well home, Tyler planting the left full on his opponent's dial, while the Black did execution on the top part of the cranium. This brought them to a close, when Robinson was thrown.

12. Robinson, in taking the lead, planted the left full on Tyler's nob, who went down in double quick time. On the instant, however, he recovered his equilibrium, and wanted to renew the round, but the Black's seconds declined the polite invitation.

13. The Darky took the lead, and administered a good left-handed hit on the head, but, in attempting to repeat the dose, was out of distance. After a little fiddling they again went to work, Bos, in the exchanges, having decidedly the best of it. In a sharp rally they fought to a close, when the Black, who was bleeding from the nose and a cut over the right eye, was under in the fall.

14. This was a well-fought round. Bos, with the left, opened with a rattling one two on his opponent's nob, and got well away without a return. Robinson, with some impetuosity, dashed after his man as he retreated, and when he got within reach they rattled to it in good style, until they closed, when the Black was under in the fall.

15. After some sharp exchanges the men had a rally to the ropes, when both went down, Robinson having much the worst of it.

16. Just as the combatants were about to renew the contest in this round the police again made their unwelcome appearance. The men were at once taken out of the ring, and the old commissary, with a countenance full of grief, proceeded, with the aid of his assistants, to pull up the ropes and stakes. It was now too late to think of a renewal, and arrangements had to be made for the next meeting, the backers of the men ultimately agreeing that they should renew hostilities on the following Friday, although Tyler and his friends wanted to do so on the following day. That Bos had the best of the battle throughout cannot for a moment be disputed by any one who witnessed the contest; and certainly, at the time the mill was brought to so sudden a termination, he looked very much like winning. But although he had thus stolen a most decided lead upon his opponent, it must be remembered that no great harm had yet been done, and it would be difficult to say how the battle might finally have terminated, had it been fought out. Robinson has the reputation of being a game bit of stuff, and game men we know will sometimes win very extraordinary battles; therefore, whatever may be the opinion of Tyler's friends, it would be nonsense to say it was not on the "card" for the Black to pull through, and that more particularly when we know that Bos has the failing of not being a glutton at punishment.

On Friday the men met at the Lower Hope, but, as we are informed, the friends of Robinson declined to agree to a referee. Much time was cut to waste in useless discussion, and the affair ended by all the people leaving the ground. The friends of both men called upon us in the evening, and as it was then too late to enter into particulars, we have named Thursday next, at twelve o'clock, for all parties to meet at our office, in order, if possible, to make some satisfactory arrangement.

TYLER AND WHITE, £10 A SIDE.—These lads, not being able to commence hostilities on Tuesday, adjourned the following day to Lower Hope Point, where they fought for three hours and 25 minutes, when darkness came on and put a stop to the encounter. It was a manly fight from first to last. Black Joe injured his arm very severely in the second round, having broken some of the tendons, and it is doubtful whether he will regain the use of them for some time. The matter is, therefore, in abeyance.

GARRINGTON AND TWEEDLE.—In this disputed affair we last week asked for proof of the allegations brought forward on both sides, but have received nothing but a series of reptitions of the same statements forwarded last week. Mr. Temple, on the part of Garrington, proposes a draw, saying he will not consent to leave his money down for six months. If Tweedle agrees to this we shall be happy to forward the stakes on both sides, but unless there is an agreement the money must remain down until fairly won or lost by a fight.

SAYERS AND AARON JONES.—The third deposit of £10 a side between these men, was made at Mr. Jackson's, King's Head, King-street Mews, Grosvenor-square, on Tuesday last.

JOB COBLEY AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—Mr. Editor: I have to trouble you on behalf of my young *prôtege*, Job Cobley, who, during his late sojourn at Leicester, has had directed against him a whole volley of challenges, most of which I have reason to believe were of the genus "kid." Job has, however, again come to town, and is staying at my house, anxious to put to the test a few of the more vaunting of his challengers. As Jemmy Massey has, through his agent, made a declaration of war, Job will fight Jemmy if the latter will promise to be at 9st 7lb on the day of weighing—leaving to Job the privilege of his own weight. A match can be instantly made in this manner for £100. If this does not suit, any other customer can try his hand at 9st 7lb, for a similar sum. Trusting that these few lines may have the effect of allaying a great deal of nonsense, I remain, yours obediently, BNEJAMIN CAUNT.

CROCKETT AND BOB TRAVERS.—A small deposit has been staked for a fresh match between these lads, at 10st. They meet at our office on Friday next, between two and four, to draw articles.

JEM BURN has recently been sojourning at the Beach Inn, Bognor, to recruit his health. He is now recovered, and will arrive at his own mansion, the Rising Sun, Air-street, this evening, where he will be proud to meet his friends.

AT PETER CRAWLEY'S, Queen's Head and French Horn, Duke-street, West Smithfield, the harmonic meeting on Saturday evening is respectably attended. This present evening the chair will be taken by Messrs. Davison and Burdon.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN HALL AND EDWARKS.—On Friday week Alec Keene, Dick Hall, and Jem Edwards were tried at Maidstone Petty Sessions, for their respective shares in the late mill between Hall and Edwards. They pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to seven days' imprisonment, at the expiration of which time they had to find heavy bail to keep the peace for twelve months. Under these circumstances the men have consented to draw their money, and both Hall and Edwards have intimated to us that it is their intention henceforth to retire from the Ring, so that all challenges will be useless. Alec Keene and both his co-prisoners had to suffer buckram during their stay in quod, and at first got nothing but dried sawdust and treacle (supposed to represent bread), and a concoction, the component parts of which they knew not, in lieu of gruel. Such fare was the reverse of invigorating, and short as the stay was in gaol, it was not conducive to health. The men speak in high terms of the governor's kindness, and attribute no blame to him, as he could do no more than comply with the regulations of the prison. As a matter of course, the job has been an expensive one, and it is the intention of the sufferers, as soon as possible, to take a joint benefit in the metropolis to assist in defraying some part of the cost. We trust it will prove more lucrative than Dan Dismore's benefit some time back, and that the Fancy generally will muster in strong force to support their order. We shall announce further particulars in due time.

PEDESTRIANISM AT OXFORD.—The announcement that James Pudney, the celebrated pedestrian, would accomplish the difficult task of running eleven miles within the hour, for £50, at the Prince of Wales Cricket Ground, near the Old White House, on Wednesday last, brought together some hundreds of the members of the University and citizens of Oxford, who were anxious to test Pudney's widely-talked-of capabilities. Hitherto, events of this kind have been little patronized at Oxford, probably from the fact that third-rate men only have been brought forward. The arrangements for the race having been left to Mr. Nixon, the cricketer, was sufficient to stamp the affair as one of a *bona fide* character, although the name of the gentleman who backed time did not transpire. The ground being heavy and uneven was very much against the performance of the distance in the allotted time; indeed, until Pudney's appearance on the course, it was generally remarked that there would be no chance for him, and bets were consequently in favor of time at 2 and 3 to 1. The distance having been measured, it was found that five laps round the ground and a fraction of some few yards in every fifth turn, was requisite to complete a mile. The first five rounds were performed in an apparently easy manner in 5min 10sec;

the next mile, with a little more spurt, at 4min 57sec. At this point, when it was announced that the two first miles had been completed in 10min 7sec, the backers of Pudney were in good spirits, as it was computed, if he continued the same pace throughout the race, there would be plenty of time to spare. The third mile occupied 5min 13sec, fourth 5min 38sec, fifth 5min 32sec, sixth 5min 30sec, seventh 5min 30sec, eighth 5min 40sec, ninth 5min 45sec. Upon finishing the tenth mile, which took 5min 40sec, it was considered that Pudney must lose, unless he had bellows enough left for a good spurt in the last mile. At this critical juncture the excitement was very great, the spectators all feeling that, however the race might terminate, Pudney deserved to win. Immediately upon his reaching the winning post, one of the time keepers informed the anxious assemblage that the distance had been accomplished with one second to spare; when a hearty cheer was given. But it was found, upon reference to the other time keeper that the match had been lost by a second. This diversity of opinion on the part of the time keepers (both of whom were chosen from the ground, and had no interest whatever in the result,) was anything but satisfactory to those who had bets on the event; and as it was found that the time-piece used was not a stop-watch, and that no referee had been appointed, a satisfactory conclusion could not be arrived at. The appearance of Pudney very much prepossessed the spectators in his favor, and were he to appear again, he would be warmly greeted, and meet with numerous supporters at Oxford. His style of running is certainly easy and graceful, and at the termination of the race he did not appear much fatigned.—[Under these circumstanees all belts are off.—ED.]

From Bell's Life in London, October 19, 1856.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX SCORE YARDS' MATCH.—On Monday last, at Aston Cross Grounds, Paget, of Dudley, and Ben Groves, of Halesowen, met to contend, for £20 a side, in a six score yards' match. The match created a good deal of interest, and a larger attendance at the grounds than has been seen for some months past was the result. The weather was all that could be desired. Paget is a well made young fellow, standing 5ft 8½in, and a short time back beat Wineper of Darlaston cleverly, at Sutton Coldfield, in a 200 yards spin; but at a shorter distance it was thought he would not have much chance. Groves has figured in many matches with varied success. His last match was with Greig, whom he beat in a six score match in a canter, and so confident were his friends that they booked it for a certainty. Paget however was the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4, readily taken. Both men appeared in excellent trim and at half-past five toed the scratch, when, after several false starts, they got away, Groves having the lead, but at a score yards Paget came on at a dashing pace, taking the lead; at three score yards he was two yards in advance, and ran in an easy winner by three yards.

HALF MILE FOOT RACE.—The half-mile race between Johnson and Priestley, pedestrians, for £5 a side, came off on Monday last, at the Lord Auckland race ground, Falcon-lane, Battersea. By the articles Johnson was to be allowed a start of 20 yards. The day was very unfavorable for out-door sports, and the attendance on the ground exceedingly limited. Within a few minutes to five o'clock the men took up their relative positions, and upon uncasing, Priestley was the general favorite at 2to 1. From the start Priestley gained upon hisopponent, and ere half the distance had been traversed, there was not a separation of ten yards between them, and before 450 yards were got over, Priestley had obtained the lead, and, consequently, from this out, the race was all his own, and, despite the utmost exertions on the part of his plucky opponent, he ran in an easy winner. Time 2min 35sec.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANINE.—The extraordinary ratting sweepstakes for the massive silver snuff box, given free by Jemmy Shaw last Tuesday evening, drew together a highly respectable company, and, after some of the best killing ever witnessed, was won by Mr. Cowderoy's Biton 19lb, 20 rats, her time 1min 43sec, beating seven other first-rate dogs.

SCULLERS' RACE BETWEEN MAY AND PERRY FOR £11.—This match took place on Tuesday last, from Putney to the Ship at Mortlake, Perry taking £6 to May's £5. Both competitors are most respectable young men, Edward May being a member of the Times Unity Club and James Perry one of the establishment of Messrs. Tyler's printing-office. As often happens in affairs of this kind the losing man was the favorite, not only since the formation of the match, but up to the moment of starting, he being at that time freely backed at 7 and 8 to 4; the increase in the odds against May being partly, perhaps, accounted for from the fact of his having lately sprained a wrist, and from which he had not quite recovered. A great number of boats were out to see the race. The start took place at twenty minutes to three, when they got off well together, and rowed so to the Star and Garter. Perry then drew ahead, and was a length in advance at the High Bridge, when May began to get better to his work, soon came up with his opponent, and they rowed, scull and scull, to the Crab Tree. May now put on a spurt, and between this and Hammersmith Bridge had gradually cleared himself, and passed Chiswick Eyot a good length ahead. From this point he had it pretty well his own way, Perry rowing a good stern wager, and comiag in 100 yards behind his opponent.

SPORTING IN AUSTRALIA.—SCULLING MATCH IN SYDNEY.—The match between Thomas Magrath and Richard Green, for £200 a side and the championship of Port Jackson, was decided yesterday morning, pursuant to articles, and resulted in the defeat of Magrath, whose star appears to have set at length, at the very time, too, when his friends and backers felt most confident of his superiority as a puller over any and every other man in the colony. Possessed of a superior boat, in excellent health and condition, and with several other advantages in his favor, he has been compelled to succumb before the powers of the rival who has so long aspired to the laurels of the championship, and who has, moreover, so frequently contested the palm of which he is now in undoubted possession. The weather yesterday was beautifully fine; in fact, a more favorable day for the purpose could not have been wished, the sun shining out brilliantly, and there being scarcely sufficient wind to cause a ripple on the surface of the water. As usual on such occasions, a deep interest was manifested in the race, and betting to a considerable extent took place, the wagers for the most part being of large amount. A couple of steamers, crowded with the friends and backers of the respective competitors (as well as innumerable boats), followed the contending skiffs during the race, while Dawes's Point, Fort Macquarie, and every spot along the harbor, whence a view of the struggle could be obtained, was thronged with spectators, every one appearing to take a lively interest in the result. Magrath pulled in his celebrated London wager-boat, the Messenger, hitherto regarded as the crack boat of the colonies. His opponent, Green, came to the scratch in a splendid new skiff, built expressly for the match by his brother Henry. Although it is the common belief that the former is the better, that is to say, the "faster" of the two, only one opinion, we think, can exist of the mould and finish of the winning skiff. For workmanship and finish, it stands, we think, unrivalled at present, nothing at all approaching to it having hitherto been manufactured in the colony. As a work of art, for such it undoubtedly is, the boat is a credit not only to the builder but to the colony, illustrating as it does, the vast improvement which a keen competition has been the means of producing within the last twelve months. The Messenger is well known to those of our readers who take an interest in aquatics; it is enough to say of her that, up to yesterday, she was believed invincible, the general feeling being that *the boat* must win, even admitting Green to be the better man. It proved otherwise, however, and there seems no reason now for supposing that skiffs equal in every respect to those imported may not be turned out in this colony. It is intended, we believe, to submit the victorious boat to the inspection of the Governor-General, as a specimen of colonial workmanship, and as his Excellency is understood to be a good judge in such matters, there can be little doubt his judgment will confirm the opinion already expressed.

We may also state that it is in contemplation to have a portrait of the winner taken for publication; we would suggest that a view of the race, introducing the scenery at the north side of the harbor, would form a more appropriate subject; an engraving of this sort might be executed within a very few weeks at no great expense. At any rate, the Australians, who feel justly proud of their countryman, are determined that something is to be done in commemoration of the event, and subscriptions have already been entered into for the purpose of carrying out the object. Of the race itself but very little can be said. The two men, as already remarked, came to the start in excellent condition, each evidencing in his appearance the effects of a long and careful training. Both were alike confident of success, and determined, if possible, to win. The betting at the different sporting houses on Monday night was, if any thing, slightly in favor of Magrath, although the principal business was done at even money. Prior to the start, and after the boats made their appearance at the scratch, the friends of Green freely offered 5 to 3, on their man; the odds subsequently increased to 7 and 8 to 3, and finally, towards the conclusion of the race, to 10 to 2. The start took place at a few minutes before eleven, Mr. Andrew Reynolds officiating as starter by the consent of both parties. At the word "off," Magrath dashed away with the lead, which he kept for the first two or three hundred yards, when he was passed by Green, who never afterwards lost his position. From Fort Macquarie down to the island, the struggle was most exciting, the two men doing their best, and rowing at a killing pace. After rounding Clark's island, however, it become evident that Green had it all his own way, and although Magrath made several vigorous efforts to pass him, all was of no avail; and a splendid spurt occurred towards the finish, which called forth Green's exertions for a few moments; this was Magrath's last hope, it failed, and his rival reached the goal a winner by three or four lengths, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of his friends, and apparently not in the least distressed. The distance pulled over (from Balmain round Clark island and back) we find at the Survey Office, is exactly six miles, the race being longer than that pulled by Deward and Magrath by nearly three-quarters of a mile. The distance was completed in 45 minutes 15 seconds. Green trained for the match under the superintendence of Sparkes; Deward performing the like office for Magrath. The manly spirit which characterised the contest throughout, and the candid admission of Magrath at the close, that his opponent was the better man, were features in the affair which called forth general approbation. Green is now the champion of the harbor; he has fairly gained the distinction, and it is to be hoped he will long enjoy the honors he has so honorably contested and so gallantly won.—[Sydney Empire, June 25.

THE "FISTIC" ARENA.

The Great Fight between Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan, for £500 a side.

From "Fights for the Championship."

THIS event, which, for the magnitude of the stake, had not been equalled since the match between Ward and Cannon, came off on the 26th of January, 1841, at a place called New Park Farm, on the borders of Buckinghamshire.

It is stated in the introductory remarks in *Bell*, that suspicions had been excited of attempts to make victory certain for each man in turn, but that the backers of the heroes had taken especial care by a due degree of vigilance to frustrate any such villainy, and each was in turn removed from his training quarters. As to their merits, *Bell* says:—"As a pugilist, Hannan has the reputation of being a good general, an excellent out-fighter, and extremely quick on his legs. His height is 5 feet 5 inches, and his fighting weight about 9st. 4lbs. He has a good fighting mug, high cheek-bones, broad nozzle, and a tolerably capacious potatoe-trap, from which some of the ivories have been dislodged. As an exhibitor in the sparring schools of Jem Burn he was considered a star of the first magnitude, and often polished off men of far superior weight. Johnny Broome's ordinary fighting weight is said to be 10 stone, but with Charley Jones he fought at 9st. 9lbs. He stands nearly two inches taller than Hannan, and is a fresh young fellow, mild, unassuming, and good-humored, with admirable muscular points, and standing well on his pins. His nose is of Roman cast, and forms a prominent feature for attack, but, fortunately, its symmetry has never been altered in the numerous conflicts in which he has been engaged."

Hannan having put forth a challenge that he was prepared to give half a stone, and fight any man in England for £500, was called upon by Tom Spring to state what his fighting weight was, and his friends said 9st. 5lbs., upon which Spring agreed to find a man who should not exceed that by 7lbs., and £5 a side were posted. On a subsequent meeting, a dispute arose as to Jack's real fighting weight, which was then stated to be 9st. 3lbs., and it was peremptorily demanded that his adversary should not exceed 9st. 10lbs. After some angry discussion, and no agreement, it was arranged that the £10 down should be given to poor old Tom Cribb, who was about taking a farewell benefit. Broome, who, of course, was Spring's man, was deeply mortified at not getting a match on, and "My Nevy," Jem Burn, having chaffed him for some time, he threw down a fiver out of his own pocket, and, amidst loud cheers, said he would come to Hannan's terms, and fight him at 9st. 10lbs., Hannan confining himself to 9st. 3lbs. Hanhan's friends, of course, could not refuse this proposition, and a match was forthwith made. Both men, after taking sparring tours, went into training, Hannan at Epping, whence he was subsequently removed to Barnet, and Broome at Frank Redmond's, Swiss Cottage, St. John's Wood, form whence he subsequently took himself to Stockbridge, where, in company with Hammer Lane, his fellow-townsman, then in training to fight Yankee Sullivan, he completed his exercise.

It was arranged that Bicester should be headquarters, and that in that town the men should go to scale on the day before fighting. Both reached the rendezvous on the Saturday, Hannan going to the King's Arms, with his friends, and Broome to the Cross Keys. There was the usual bustle and prepartion observable in the neighborhood, which was greatly increased on Monday, by the arrival of many admirers of the sport from London, Birmingham, &c.

Monday open with a hard frost, but this did not prevent the assemblage of a large muster to witness the weighing, a ceremony which each man was very anxious to get over. At 12 o'clock they appeared at the steelyard. Broome first took his seat, with 9st. 10lbs. in the opposite balance, which he did not move, and it was subsequently ascertained that he had 1½lb. to spare. Hannan then followed, and was also found to be on the safe side. Broome was all natural gaiety, while Hannan had a sort of forced grin, and a suppressed agitation, which he tried in vain to disguise. A hearty meal followed the long fast, and we suspect had either man returned to the scale, its effects would have told with an alarming increase of specific gravity.

Of course any species of accommodation was at a premium, and the lovers of fun had the usual difficulty in providing themselves with comfortable quarters for the night.

In the course of the night a rapid thaw, accompanied by a fall of snow, set in. The hard roads were changed to muddy sloughs, and the fresh arrivals on the eventful morning, by their bespattered appearance, bore testimony to the disagreeable alteration in the atmosphere. The Commissary started with his *materiel* at an early hour, and soon had a tail of pedestrians and equestrians at his heels, followed at long intervals by the charioteers of the throng. The country over which the mass had to travel presented difficulties of no ordinary character, and the deep furrows and yawning mud-holes often produced ludicrous disasters, which, however, did not check the ardent advance to the field of battle.

The period for the appearance of the men (between 11 and 12) having arrived, Hannan was the first to make his bow, speedily followed by Broome. There was the usual difficulty in selecting a referee, which was at length settled by a toss; but, fortunately, from the fair and manly character of the fight, that official was in no instance called upon for his *fiat*. This necessary matter adjusted, the men commenced their toilettes, Broome assisted by Tass Parker and Hunt, of Birmingham, and Hannan by Dick Curtis and Ben Burn. The sun shone forth with all the radiance of spring during the operation, and Broome having won the toss for corners, placed Hannan with his face to the rays of old Sol.

The inner and outer circles were admirably formed, the members of the former seating themselves on trusses of straw prepared for the purpose, and we have seldom witnessed so perfect a preservation of order and regularity as was maintained throughout the contest. The backers of Broome now became clamorous for bets; 6 and 7 to 4 were freely offered, and in many instances taken. At last Broome proposed to lay £20 to £10 with Hannan which was taken by one of his supporters. This at once set the price, and 2 to 1 was laid to a considerable amount.

At 34 minutes past 12, the men, having peeled, were conducted to the scratch, and the long-wished for opportunity for comparing their proportions was afforded. With respect to their condition, nothing could be finer, but it was soon seen that in height, as well as weight and length of arm. Broome had the advantage, while the muscular development of his shoulders and back proved that his weight was in the right place. His ribs exhibited all the fineness of a greyhound, and did not present an atom of superfluous flesh. His countenance displayed cheerfulness, with perfect self confidence, and bore a ruddiness of health which gave the cast rather of a rustic than a London hero. Hannan was not less symmetrical in his points. His frame appeared to be more compact, and his shoulders and chest more expanded, than those of Broome. He was evidently in good spirits, and fully prepared, in mind and body, to meet the coming trial.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On assuming position, there was in the attitude of Hannan something more artistical and experienced than in that of Broome, although the latter held his hands well up, with an easy but rustic independence, as if waiting for the attack. They each dodged and moved about, desirous that the other should begin, but neither seemed inclined to open the ball. They stepped back, dropped their hands, and looked at each other; again approached, moved their hands as if preparing for attack, but still no opening. Hannan let go his left, evidently as a draw, but it was no go. Both hit short with the left. Hannan feinted with his left, but it would not do. Broome then let fly his left, and caught Hannan slightly on the breast. Each eyed the other with an evident desire that ground should be broken. Each hit out with the left, but out of distance. At last they got closer, and quick as lightning counter-hits were exchanged; Broome caught it on the cheek, and Hannan on the nose. Hannan snuffled a little, stepped back, and rubbed his eye and nose. Hannan let fly his left, but Broome got prettily away. In like manner a left-handed favor from Broome was escaped by Hannan. Mutual stopping, and slight returns, but out of distance. They then got closer to their work, and left-handed counters were exchanged; Hannan caught it on the mouth, Broome on the nose. A tinge of blood was seen on Broome's arm, and, at the same moment, blood was perceptible on Hannan's mouth. First blood was claimed for Hannan but on looking to Broome, we could perceive no blood but that on his arm which, we believe, came from Hannan's mouth. Hannan stopped a pretty left-handed lunge, when, after a dodge or two, heavy muzzlers were exchanged. Good stopping Broome popped in his left on Hannan's physog, while Hannan missed the return. More feinting and dodging, when Hannan received another gentle visitation to his potatoe-trap. Hannan evidently could not get to his work, and hit short with his left. More feinting and dodging, and some neat but slight taps exchanged. Broome delivered his left on Hannan's body, but not effectively. Cautious sparring, and good stops on both sides. A quick but ineffective rally, the deliveries being short. Broome stepped back, to draw his man, and tried the upper-cut with his right, but missed. Hannan followed him up, and caught him slightly with the left on the cheek. Broome, in retreating, let fly his left again, catching Hannan on the lips. Hannan rushed in. Broome, while stopping, caught his heels in the grass, and fell on his back. Shouts from the Hannanites, and loud acclamations. First knock-down. It was clear, however, that Broome went down from a slip, and not from a blow, and although the round lasted 16 minutes, little mischief was done. The dial of each, however, was flushed, especially that of Hannan, whose kissing-trap was clearly in a state of contusion.

2. On time being called, the men came steadily to the scratch. They had both made up their minds for mischief. After short sparring, Broome succeeded in planting his left on Hannan's gob. A short, but lively rally, in which left and right hits were quickly exchanged. A close immediately followed, and, in a moment, Broome catching Hannan's pimple under his arm, a violent struggle for the fall took place. Hannan endeavored by every manœuvre to extricate himself from his alarming position, but Broome proved himself the better tactician; and, at length, catching his man on his hip, canted him over, and fell heavily upon him. Broome's superior strength, as well as wrestling qualifications, were now evident, and the shouts of his friends cheered him on to fresh exertions. The round did not last more than 3 minutes.

3. No time was lost in commencing business. The men got close together, and heavy hits left and right were exchanged. Broome had it on the nose, from whence claret trickled in crimson rivulets. Hannan caught a severe stinger on the neck from the right, as well as on the jaw. After a brisk, but short rally, in which counter-hits were exchanged with great quickness, the men closed. Broome again powerfully grasped his opponent, who in vain resisted the coming fall; he was again flung, Broome upon him.

4. Broome came up bleeding from the nose. Dodging, and cautious sparring. Counter-hits with the left, and heavy returns with the right, one of which sent Hannan staggering. He soon, however, collected himself, rushed to a rally, and, after a quick exchange of left and right smacks, Broome closed. Hannan again endeavored to evade the fall, but he was floored. Broome on him.

5. No ceremony, but a determined rally, in which the left and right hitting was very severe. The clatter of blows on the chops of both was far from agreeable. Another struggle for the fall, in which, after a gallant resistance by Hannan, Broome fell, Hannan upon them.

6. Broome came up blowing a little, his lips apart, and his face considerably flushed. Hannan's frontispiece exhibited various contusions. A determined rally, hit for hit, and no flinching. The stopping and hitting were admirable. In the close Broome again exhibited the superiority of his throwing qualities, as well as strength, and threw him.

7. Broome went to work, but was beautifully stopped left and right. Some sharp hitting and heavy exchanges on both sides, till they almost fought to a stand-still. Broome tried two uppercuts, but missed. The round ended with a close, in which Hannan was again thrown, Broome falling on him as flat as a pancake.

8. Good counter-hitting with the left. A determined rally. In retreating, Hannan slipped down.

9. Broome led off left and right, catching Hannan a stinger on the neck with the latter. Hannan slipped down.

10. Broome led off again, and popped in a pretty chopper with his left. Hannan, on the retreat, was busy left and right. Broome pursued him vigorously, and in closing, gave him a neat back fall.

11. Heavy counter-hits with the left; severe exchanges with the right. Broome closed, and caught Hannan's neck again under his arm. Hannan tried to hit up, but was powerless, and Broome, falling on his knees, brought him to the ground.

12. Broome stopped Hannan's left twice in succession, rushed to a close, and, and after heavy exchanges left and right, Hannan slipped down on his nether end.

13. Both missed their hits with the left, and Hannan slipped down, evidently to avoid the mischief of a close. Broome walked to his corner as strong as a horse, while it was evident Hannan's strength was failing him.

14. Hannan came up in good form, and tried his left, but was stopped. Broome hit shot with his left, and Hannan, in like manner, missed a well-intended visitation. A good rally, and no flinching; hit for hit in quick succession, when Hannan again got down.

15. Broome's left was in quick contact with Hannan's muzzle. Counter-hitting left and right, when Broome caught Hannan's pimple under his arm as though in a vice, at the same moment catching his left elbow in his right hand, he increased the severity of the squeeze. At last, by main strength, he threw Hannan over, and fell on him.

16. Exchange of hits left and right, when Broome, collecting all his strength, and getting within judgmatical distance, put on all his steam, sent his left "bang" into Hannan's mug, and hit him clean off his legs. First knock-down blow for Broome.

17. Broome led off splendidly with his left, and repeated the dose left and right. Hannan rather abroad, when Broome closed, and tried for the cross-buttock. This Hannan skilfully avoided by shifting his legs, but was ultimately thrown.

18. Both came up with unabated confidence. Good counter-hitting with the left, followed up by the right, which told heavily on Hannan's neck. Broome again caught Hannan's knowledge-box under his wing, and squeezed it with choking severity. It was a long and fearful struggle for Hannan, but he at last got down, Broome slowly falling on him.

19. Counter-hits with the left, followed by a lunging smack from the right on Hannan's jaw. Hannan broke away. Broome after him, hitting left and right, when Hannan went down, evidently to avoid further mischief.

20. A good fighting rally, in which the counter-hitting was terrific. Both got pepper, but, in the close, Hannan was thrown, Broome upon him.

21. Good exchanges, left and right. Broome again missed his upper-cut with the right, and, following up his man, made a desperate lunge with his right, which Hannan ducked to avoid, and fell. The vigor of Broome's kind intention was exhausted in mid-air, or the consequences might have been fatal.

22. Hannan's left hand was now evidently the worse for wear, and his second was perceived placing some brown paper in it. Broome went in to fight, and after mutual exchanges, in which each received a pop of some force, Hannan went down.

23. Broome came up strong, and delivered a tremendous right-handed stinger on Hannan's throat. In the close, he threw, and fell on him.

24. Broome led off left and right, but Hannan fought manfully in return. In the close, both down, Broome uppermost.

25. Broome, the moment his man came to the scratch, commenced a rally, left and right, and delivered some heavy stingers, catching it in return. He again closed, catching Hannan's head under his arm, squeezing it as before, and hanging on him till he fell. These bearish hugs were evidently exhausting Hannan, although he came up as brave as a lion.

26. After a short rally, the men closed. Broome gave Hannan his leg, and threw him heavily.

27. Hannan popped in his left beautifully, while Broome missed his left. Both were rather blown, from the rapidity of their fighting, and after a short trial for the fall, Hannan was again thrown.

28. Good stand-up fighting, hit for hit, left and right. Broome closed, and tried to catch his man on the hip again for a cross-buttock, but Hanna . placing his hand across his face to prevent it, led to cries of "He's trying to pull his eyes out." This imputation was anything but well founded, and Hannan was ultimately thrown heavily.

29. After some pretty exchanges, Broome again hit Hannan down heavily with his left.

30. Broome delivered his left once more with great effect, when Hannan, in retreating by the ropes, fell on one knee, and immediately putting his hand to the ground, looked up, as much as to say, 'don't hit me foul." Broome walked to his corner, and Hannan was lifted up by his seconds, and conveyed to his quarters. His left hand was considerably swollen, and was evidently of little use to him.

31. Broome was now all alive, and his strength was apparently undiminished. Hannan came up brave, but manifestly weak. He made one or two scientific efforts at delivery, catching Broome slightly with the right. Broome made himself up for mischief, let fly left and right, and floored his antagonist cleverly.

32. Broome went to work with undiminished vigor, and popped in his left and right. Hannan, in getting away; evidently unable to resist the force of this onslaught, fell flat on his face.

33. Hannan all abroad, but still he contrived to steady himself, and after two or three exchanges, Broome closed, and flung him on his back, falling on him.

34. 54 minutes had now elapsed, and it was clear that Hannan's chances were up; still he came forward with a determination to prove to his friends that their confidence in his valor had not been misplaced. He threw himself into form, but Broome rushed at him with such impetuosity, that in trying to avoid him he fell on his knees underneath the ropes.

35. Broome now went in to finish. He missed his first hit with his left, but was more successful in an attempt left and right, and Hannan went down.

36. Hannan, to the surprise of all, came up in admirable form,—and popped in his left slightly, but Broome immediately closing, a struggle for the throw ensued, in which Hannan contrived unexpectedly to get the crook, and threw Broome, amidst loud cheers.

37. Hit for hit, but both short in effect. Broome himself became unsteady, was obviously fatigued, and lost much of his previous precision. In the close, however, he got the fall.

38. Neither of the men disposed to hurry from their second's knee when "time" was called. Broome was first at the scratch, and on Hannan coming up, let fly severely with his left. Hannan made play left and right, but, in retreating, fell heavily on his south pole, close to the ropes, with an exclamation of pain.

39. Poor Hannan came up painfully weak, but Broome, who had recovered his steadiness, let fly left and right in his mug, and he threw himself down.

40. Hannan all abroad; after a couple of attempts to deliver left and right, Broome hit him down.

41. The game was nearly up, and it seemed cruel to protract the fight for another round. Hannan had lost the gift of hitting, and after receiving a one two, Broome closed, gave him the crook, and threw him.

42. Hannan came up but to receive his finishing gruel. He received two hits, left and right, and fell.

43. Broome as fresh as a kitten; Hannan all but done over. After a slight show of a disposition to hit, he received a left-handed muzzler, and fell.

For the 4 remaining rounds poor Hannan came up all broad, contrary to the wish of his principal backer, who expressed an anxious desire that he should be taken away. The unfortunate fellow evidently felt, from the state of his hands, as well as the exhausted state of his frame, that he had not a shadow of a chance, and yet, with a view of satisfying those who might entertain a doubt of his integrity, he determined in his downfall, and he at last became incapable of further exertion, Broome being declared the victor, in one hour and 19 minutes, amidst the exulting shouts of his friends. After shaking hands with his prostrate foe, Broome walked to his carriage as upright as a dart, and as fresh as a two-year-old.

It was gratifying to find that, notwithstanding the signal discomfiture of the sanguine hopes of Hannan's backers, they were not insensible of his gallant struggles against the fate of war, and whatever might have been their own losses, pity for the fallen pet seemed to be uppermost in their minds. Between £30 and £40 were collected in the ring for him; the best evidence of the sympathy which the downfall had excited. Both men were conveyed back to their respective quarters at Bicester, where they received every attention which humanity and kindliness could prompt. Broome, from falling on his head in one of the rounds, complained of pain, and, with the advice of a surgeon, applied leeches locally, and soon threw off the symptoms of danger. Hannan, although showing prominent marks of punishment on the mouth, nose, left ear, and on the left side of his neck, was more exhausted than seriously injured, and soon rallied.

REMARKS.

The easy victory which Broome thus accomplished, perfectly justified the high confidence of his friends, and took by surprise the vain calculators on the superiority of the members of the London Ring when opposed to Provincials. It has not been our fortune to witness any of the previous contests in which Broome was engaged, and consequently we could form no opinion of his prowess. We had been taught to believe that, although rough and ready, he was deficient in science; that he was only a right-hand hitter, and knew little of the use of his left. This was confirmed by the little we saw of him at his late benefit in London, in his set-to with Owen Swift, for there he appeared to little advantage, when compared with the Nonpareil of the light weights. We have heard, and believe, that for obvious reasons he did not then do his best, and that in a private trial with the same accomplished pugilist, a very different estimate was formed of his pretensions; indeed, within a certain circle, no doubt was entertained of his superiority over Hannan. It is now clear that his true qualities were masked, for he not only proved an excellent left-handed hitter, but equally good with his right, to which may be added great tact in the art of throwing, and, besides self-possession and innate courage, a happy knack of availing himself of those chapters of accidents which chance may throw in his way. As a hitter, too, he is straight, especially with the left, while, with his right, Hannan's ear, and the side of his neck, proved he was not less effective. Hannan is possessed of very superior science, and ready resources as an out-fighter, and so long as he can hit and get away, few men of his weight are superior. In this instance, however, it was proved that in close contact with a man who is determined to fight and struggle for the throw, he was all abroad; his legs, however useful in retreat, were of little use in the close, and his attempts at escape from prostration were as wild as they were ineffective; thus his repeated falls, aided by his own attempts to resist them, more quickly reduced him to a state of imbecility. His deliveries left and right, as well as his stops, were pretty and attractive, but we did not consider that they possessed those punishing qualities that we should have anticipated from so good a man. There was, in truth, too much of the tapping, or fly-flap quality in his elbows, and although he hit often, his blows did not tell, as the face of Broome sufficiently demonstrated when all was over. There was not a single cut throughout the fight, and on looking at Broome on Thursday, on his return to town, we were astonished to see how little execution had been done. There might have been some contusions hidden by the hair, which were not perceptible, and which, we infer, must have been the case, from the injuries in-

curred by the knuckles of Hannan's left hand, as well as in a slight degree by the right. Broome's hands were uninjured, and if we are to believe him, he never fought a man whose force of hitting was less decisive, for he says he frequently gave his head, declining to stop blows, with a view of returning the compliment with greater severity. Broome also states that, but for a stoppage in his bowels, about ten days before the mill, his condition would have been much better, for the correction of that stoppage was only effected by a seven mile sweat in jockey training clothes, castor oil and salts having previously failed in producing the desired effect. Upon the whole, it is now clear that Hannan was overmatched, and that his constitution, not improved by life in London, was not of that hardy cast calculated to put aside the vigor of a fresh young man, of temperate habits, and industrious pursuits, like Broome. We do not think that a great deal of money was won or lost, and we have but one opinion of the excellent manner in which the fight was conducted throughout.

Jack Hannan did not again strip in the pugilistic arena. Shortly after the mill, he was installed as a Boniface at the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, now kept by Ben Caunt, but here he was unfortunate, and was eventually compelled to give up the undertaking. He has since contrived to maintain himself by giving occasional lessons in the noble art, of which he is a very competent master, and he also sometimes officiates as a second in the P. R., a position which, when not suffering from gout or rheumatism, he can fulfil with great ability.

Poor Johnny Broome, after the fight, offered to give any man half-a-stone, and fight for £300 a side, but not meeting with a response, he married, and went into business at the Rising Sun, Air Street, Piccadilly, now kept by Jem Burn. He announced his retirement from the Ring, and fully made up his mind to stick to business in future. This was not to be, however. Bungaree, the Australian, arrived in England early in 1842, and having challenged Broome for £300 a side, the latter, at the persuasion of his friends, determined to put the £300 of the Australian into his pocket. His friends all asserted that it was a gift, and a gift indeed it proved. The fight came off on the 27th of April, 1842, and was won by Broome with the greatest ease, in 42 rounds, occupying 57 minutes. The mill was anything but a satisfactory exhibition, and the amateurs, who had expected something "out of the common," were completely disappointed. The Australian had not one point in his favor, and when this is the case, the only possible result is a bad fight. Johnny, after pocketing this agreeable addition to his funds, once more turned attention to his business, which for many years he carried on with success. His recent career, and his melancholy suicide on the 31st of May, 1855, are but too familiar to the sporting world.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Caught napping, at last. Your five-move problem, No 6, is a forced mate in three moves, *e. g.*: Q takes Kt (ch)—Black has but one move. Q-K 4th (ch)—Black has but one move. Kt-K R 7th, mate.

E. HATCH, New York.—Your laconic epistle is quite satisfactory. See that you don't; and then, again, see that you do!

U AND I, Chicago, Ill.—It is indeed quite neat. Address treasured up. Your friend had well nigh been forgotten; but we hope to hear much more both from him and yourself.

UN PION and W. H. H., Philad'a.—Your communications are received, welcomed, and put on file. A few more such, and we shall set you—not by the ears, we hope, but *vis a vis* over the chess-board.

OTTILIE, Baltimore, Md.—We think Staunton's Hand Book most to blame, for cheating you out of so good a problem. Ha! ha!! ha!!! It was the *paper* containing Problem 13, which we sent you. If, according to your supposed solution (*b*) of Problem 29, Black K goes first to R 2d, he is mated in three more moves.

STAMMA AND MIDNIGHT.—We hope neither of you were frightened at the——which appeared in place of your match game last week. As you both must have known, we had occasion to write "dele" upon one of your next door neighbors, and our excellent foreman, taking the privilege even a *good* dentist will sometimes take, pulled a sound along with the rotten tooth.

TYRO, Philad'a.—Will not you, and some of your friends, enlist in the new enterprise of forming a Chess Club in your city? How can we address you privately?

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—We cannot possibly give time to re-examine a game once disposed of; but it appears to us that had White, at the 11th move, Game 29, taken the second P with Kt, Black's previous expectations of a piece for two Pawns would have been realized. Black's 24th Q R takes B P (ch) is correctly printed, and the right move. Thanks for your expressions of kind feeling. We would fain stand on such terms with all our correspondents. We hope, even yet, to get an explanation from "Checkmate," which shall satisfactorily account for his non-appearance.

WEST POINTER, Providence, R. I.—"I expect to pass through Providence early in January, and will then, if agreeable, accede to your request for a few games across the board. I will give you due notice of the precise time of my visit." Yours, in Chess emulation, X. Y. Z., SENIOR.

Shall we at once furnish our mutual friend with your name, and the particulars of your address? We believe you already know his; though we are, oddly enough, still ignorant of both. Let the moves in your *match game* be as prompt as possible.

DELTA, Boston, Mass.—We discovered at the very last moment, while examining proof, a fatal flaw in your Problem "*La Julie*." Fewer, but more thoroughly analyzed, would give both us and our readers greater confidence in your Problems. We do not say this to discourage you, far from it; we would encourage you rather to keep on: but excellence in problem making, as in any other branch of our noble science, is only to be attained by close study and persevering practice. Again, then, as you prize an honorable rank in our glorious temple of intellect; few and critically elaborated. B to Q 5th is the first move of the Defence in "*La Julie*." No. 8 is a forced mate in *three* moves; beginning, Q takes Kt, &c. Were it not, the Defence at the third move would interpose B, instead of moving K, and thus prolong the mate to *five* moves.

A Theoretical Opening.

THE CENTRE COUNTER GAMBIT.—JÆNISCH.

After the care and time devoted to the study of the "Centre Gambit," we may well despatch this opening in a couple of numbers. It is a hazardous game, unsuited to the steady play required in serious matches. Still its leading variations should be known theoretically: it should even be occasionally tried, just for fun—as should all openings known to the science.

Attack,	Defence,	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4	P to Q 4	5..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3
2..P x P *best*	K Kt-B 3 *a*	6..P x P	Q Kt to B 3
3..K B Q Kt 5 x	Q B-Q 2	7..P-Q 3, and the Attack maintains the Pawn.	
4..B-Q B 4	Q B K B 4		

a This is not the best move; but constitutes an interesting Counter Gambit. The following is a better, if a less interesting method of proceeding:

2..	Q takes P	5..K Kt to B 3	P to K 3
3..Q Kt to B 2	Q home *best*	6..K B-Q B 4, and has gained moves on his adversary. The student will readily see that this is little else than the "Centre Gambit," *mutatis mutandis*.	
4..P-Q 4	Q B-K B 4		

VARIATION—THIRD MOVE ATTACK.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4	P to Q 4	6..P to Q 3	Q B to K B 4
2..P x P	K Kt-B 3	7..Q B-K Kt 5 *c*	Q her Kt 3
3..P-Q B 4 *b*	P-Q B 3	8..P-Q Kt 3	Castles with Q R
4..P x P	Q Kt x P	9..K Kt-R 4	K B-Q Kt 5 x, and
5..K Kt-B 3	P-K 4	if the Attack move K, he loses the game; and if he play Kt to Q 2, loses Q P. After the 4th move there arise several variations; but in no one case is the Pawn sustainable, and the Defence will, exclusive of the P, infallibly acquire the better game.	

b It is to caution our students *against* this move that we give this variation. You should (ch) as in the leading game, though it appears but natural to try and defend the P in this method.

c Or thus; but it is no better.

7..K Kt to R 4	Q to her 2
8..Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
9..Q Kt-B 3	Castles, and the

loss of the Attack's Q P is inevitable: both through P to K 5 and Q Kt to Kt 5.

(Concluded next week.)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 30.

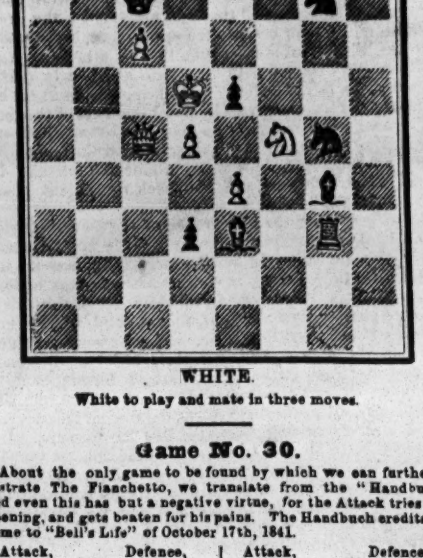
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R to Q 7 x	K to R sq	4..R takes Q	B to K 2
2..K x P	P Queens	5..R-K R 3 x	B-R 5
3..P-B 7	Q x P x	6..R x B, or P Queens mate.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 24.

White.	Black.
1..Q to K Kt 2	P takes Q
2..P to K B 4 mate.	

Problem No. 31.—By Alonzo.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Game No. 30.

About the only game to be found by which we can further illustrate The Fianchetto, we translate from the "Handbuch," and even this has but a negative virtue, for the Attack tries this opening, and gets beaten for his pains. The Handbuch credits the game to "Bell's Life" of October 17th, 1841.

Attack, M. Desloges.	Defence, Herr Kieseritsky.	Attack, M. Desloges.	Defence, Herr Kieseritsky.
1..P to K Kt 3	P to K 4	14..R t x B	B P x Q P
2..B-K Kt 2	P-Q 4	15..B x P	P x B
3..P-Q B 4	P-Q B 3	16..K B-Q	K Kt-K 5
4..P x P	P x P	17..P-K B 3	B-Q B 4 x
5..Q her Kt 3	K Kt-B 3	18..K-Kt 2	K has 2 *d*
6..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 5	19..Q her B 4	Q Kt-K B 3
7..B x Q Kt P	Q B-K 3	20..P Q Kt 4	B-Kt 3
8..Q-Kt 5 x	Q Kt-Q 2	21..P x Kt	Kt x P
9..B x Q R	Q x B	22..Kt-B 4	R-Q sq
10..K Kt-B 3 *a*	P x Q Kt *b*	23..K-R 3	R-Q 3
11..Castles	Q B-K R 6	24..K R-K B	R-his 3 x
12..K R-K sq	P-K 5	25..K-Kt 4	P-K B 4 x, and
13..Kt-his 5	P-K 6 *c*	the Defence wins the *partie*.	

NOTES.

a Truly an awkward dilemma, so soon.

b From this moment the Defence becomes the Attack with a vengeance And a most unceasing, relentless attack it is.

c Like a Parthian horseman doing battle at once in front and rear. Going forward he wins a piece for a P, and unmasks a threatened checkmate behind him.

d This piece of finished chess could only come from the hand of a great master. Observe, generally, the perfect mobility into which the Defence has got his forces, and the beautiful correlation of their powers The student will be at once delighted and instructed by this portion of the game.

Game No. 31.

Recently played in the New York Club between Judge Meek of Alabama and our Secretary.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White, Judge Meek.	Black, Mr. Perrin.	White, Judge Meek.	Black, Mr. Perrin.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..B x R	Q x B *e*
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q x Q	P x Q
3..P-Q 4	P x P	17..P-K R 3	P x P
4..B-Q B 4	B-Q B 4 *best*	18..P x P *f*	R-K B
5..P-Q B 3 *best*	K Kt-B 3 *a*	19..R-K 2	P-Q 5
6..Castles *b*	Kt x P	20..R-Q 2	Kt-K 4 *g*
7..R-K sq	P-Q 4	21..R-Q B 2	P-Q 6
8..K B-Q 3	P-K B 4	22..R-Kt 2	Kt-Q B 5
9..K Kt-his 5	Castles	23..R x Kt P	B x P x
10..B x Kt	B P x B	24..K-R 2	B-Q Kt 3 *h*
11..Q-K R 5	P-K R 3	25..P-Q R 4	R-B 7 x
12..Kt x K P *c*	R-B 4	26..K-Kt 3	B-Q B 3
13..Kt-his 5	B-Q 2	27..R x B	R Kt 7 mate.
14..P-K Kt 4 *d*	B x Kt		

NOTES.

a We have now the exact defence to the "Giuoco Piano," which leads legitimately to an even game, and are consequently upon a well-known, beaten path. After this defence the Scotch Gambit has no farther terrors. The Attack at the 5th move frequently adopts K Kt to his 5th, but it is inferior to the one in the text. The following is the variation:

5..K Kt to his 5	K Kt to R 3	8..Q to K R 5 x	P to K Kt 3
6..B x B P x	Kt x B	9..Q x B	P-Q 3 *best*
7..Kt x Kt	K x Kt	10..Q her R 3, or to her Kt 5;	

but in either case the Defence, if not a better, has, at least, a safe and satisfactory game. At the 9th move of the Defence in this variation P to Q 4 is deserving of careful investigation, and an occasional trial in practice.

b Not so strong in this branch of the Attack, and against this system of Defence, as P to K 5. The continuation would most likely have been:

6..P to K 5 *best*	P to Q 4 (1)	8..P x Q Kt x	P x B
7..B-Q Kt 5	Kt-K 5	9..P x P *best*	B-Q Kt 3,

and the game is certainly even.

1 Kt to K 5th, to which B to Q 5 is the *best* rejoinder, &c., &c., but do his utmost, the Attack can only get an even game.

c A very pretty and well-calculated move. It apparently wins back one of the loaned Pawns; but after all the sequel shows it to be a dangerous winning.

d A desperate resource—even if it be one at all.

e Getting two pieces for his R, and a P ahead, which White can really have but little hope of recovering.

f Many of the lookers-on thought he would re-take with Kt, saving the doubled P, but a little further on would have shown that it was by much a worse move.

g A very strong move. Black now marches to victory with flying colors.

h An extinguisher. White might have delayed his fate a little, it is true, but a speedy mate at the best is now in store for him.

Enigma No. 25.—By Delta.

WHITE.—K at Q 2; Bs at K R 6 and Q B 8; Kt at K 2; P at K Kt 2d.

BLACK.—K at his 5; R at Q sq; K 4, Q 4, and Q B 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

MATCH GAMES

Between New York and Philadelphia.

GAME I.—SICILIAN OPENING.		GAME II.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.	
White—N. Y.	Black—Philad'a.	White—Philad'a.	Black N. Y.
24..Kt to K B 3	B takes Kt	23..K B to Q 3	Q B to K 3
25..P takes B		24..B takes K P	Q to her R 4

Between E. Hatch and Alonzo.

White—E. Hatch.	Black—Alonzo.
17..K Kt to K 3	P to K 4
18..K Kt to Q B 2	

Between X. Y. Z., Senior, and West Pointer.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—West Pointer.
4..Kt takes K P	P to Q 4
5..Q to K B 3	

Between De Prefontaine and Lopez.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
7..Q takes P	P to Q 3
8..Q takes P	Q B to K 3

Between Stamma and Midnight.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
4. Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3
5..K B to Q Kt 5	K Kt to K 2

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

CHALLENGE.

Our correspondent, A. G., offers to play G. H. Putman, or "any other one of our contributors," two games through the CLIPPER, choosing White men, and moving 22 to 18. "Who speaks first?"

ANOTHER.

"Uncle Sam" will play a match with J. S., of Boston, if agreeable. What says our friend?

☞ Will our "Position makers" please to prefix their signatures to their compositions? Position No. 55 is by Uncle Sam; No. 60, by Nemo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L.—Your criticisms or contributions are alike welcome to our corner. We should be happy to insert your communication entire, but our space will not "hold out." At our leisure we will overhaul matters referred to at length.

NEMO.—Is it O. K.? Position reserved. Thanks. Certainly; send them along.

PLUTO.—Friend Pluto, we have perused your communication with attention. We suppress its publication for the "benefit of the author." The logic so thoroughly mixed in is of that peculiar kind called "Bob." Neither H. L. or we are "down on you," but most *essentially* so on plagiarism. If, as you state, you have "studied Sturges *more* than the Bible," we hardly think it worth boasting of. We do not object to the skeleton, but it *must* be "built upon." You request us to destroy everything of yours. Now, friend Pluto, why not die easily? "Draw a *little* milder on the Brimstone Box;" send along something good, and henceforth we shall glide along in perfect harmony.

LYSANDER.—You will observe that we have complied with your request. "Go ahead."

NELSON.—Position on hand. Thanks.

CLUTTERBUCK.—We publish a Position from you this week.

E. HULL.—As above.

A. G.—Position on hand.

KNOW NOTHING.—O. K. Waiting for those games.

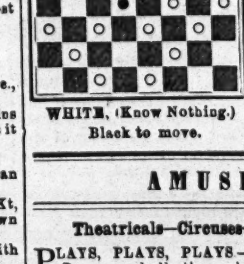
SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 59.—NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..14 to 9	5 to 14	7.. 7 to 11	23 to 26
2..24 19	16 23	8..32 27	26 31
3..27 9	7 11	9..27 24	31 27
4.. 9 6	11 15	10..24 20	27 24
5.. 6 2	15 19	11..11 15, and wins, running into Sturgis' 1st.	
6.. 2 7	19 23		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 60.—NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 10	14 to 7	4..23 to 19	30 to 16
2.. 5 9	18 6	5..20 2	32 23
3..22 17	21 14	6.. 2 20, and wins.	

POSITION NO. 61.
NEW SERIES.
By E. Hull.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

POSITION NO. 62.
NEW SERIES.
By Clutterbuck.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and win.

Game No. 30.—New Series.

The following was forwarded by "Uncle Sam" We publish it without comment. Will our Draught players "operate," and send us the result?

SINGLE CORNER.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 18	11 to 15	16..26 to 23	14 to 17
2..18 11	8 15	17..31 26	2 6
3..25 22	4 8	18..23 18	17 21
4..29 25	8 11	19..23 23	13 17
5..21 17	9 13	20..22 13	15 22
6..25 21	6 9	21..23 19	11 15
7..24 20	9 14	22..20 16	15 18
8..28 24	5 9	23..16 11	18 23
9..23 18	14 13	24..11 7	23 27
10..27 18	1 5	25..19 15	10 19
11..17 14	10 17	26..24 15	27 32
12..21 14	7 10	27.. 7 2	32 27
13..14 7	3 10	28.. 2 9	22 26
14..32 28	9 14	29..30 23	27 11
15..18 9	5 14	30.. 9 14	11 15

Drawn.

MATCH GAME

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.	White—Alonzo.
6..11 16	24 20
7..15 24	20 11
8.. 8 15	

MATCH GAME,
Between "Lysander" and "Know Nothing."
BLACK, ("Lysander.")

WHITE, (Know Nothing.)
Black to move.

MATCH GAME,
Between "Martin" and H. Curtis
Black, (H. Curtis.)

WHITE, (Martin.)
White to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS—THE STANDARD AND MINOR Drama, and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes, $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail, "free," when requested. 29-3m

Now indeed we may consider our theatrical prospects as in the ascendant—no allusion to any hoisting of a rag—but simply that the theatrical season has commenced in earnest. With "theatres to the right of us," and "theatres to the left of us," who knows but what New York may soon reach the magical "one hundred?"

This abundance is a great blessing to the public, and we can even hope to join such a holy man as Fernando Wood in prayers of thanksgiving But, we also take pleasure in observing that the changes in our rapid progress towards the beautiful in dramatic art are of such a decisive character as to render somewhat inconvenient the usual stereotyped method of preparing theatrical notices for the press.

The announcement may seem strange, but we have known several instances of theatrical "critics" who could supply "notices" by the column, and win a great reputation for analytical or synthetical acumen, by merely changing the names of pieces, performers, and places, from paragraphs previously printed in the same paper, properly prepared by somebody who could write! There are "tricks in all trades" but ours, and the public improvements are sure to be beneficial when tricksters find it impossible to make their "ground and lofty tumbling" keep up with the wheels of progress. The antics of those theatrical te-te-tums are amusing, and we have become so used to the nuisance (up hill or down hill) that we are loth to part company with the dusty and thirsty jokers; but, all we can do is to throw them a few coppers as we rattle along upon the "stage."

One of the greatest jokes in our experience, on the score of theatrical criticism, was played off in the holy and pious city of Boston a few years ago. We have no malicious design in referring to it. Our main idea is to show that the fostering of genius or the chastening of taste had become the last things likely to have "any kind of a show" for existence. One of the big-blanket dailies, (much better known in Washington than in Boston, on account of its unscrupulous gyrations in the way of opposition,) all at once came out with some intensely "learned" articles on theatrical affairs! The paper alluded to was scarcely ever read in Boston, as previously explained; but, singular to relate, about this time it made a decided "appearance," every morning, "in flat," at the green room of *one* of the theatres, by some mysterious process The purport of its articles was to praise all those performers with whom lengthened or favorable engagements were already existing; but new comers in the stock company were scratched and scalded without mercy! These circumstances coming to the ears of an experienced hand (at that time attached to one of the small but popular dailies of Boston) he cut the Gordian knot of the arrangement between the "enterprising manager" and the very "enterprising publisher" by having plenty of sport while showing the incompetence of the "critic," and finally proving that the acute criticisms thus engendered were only a 'cute way of getting star performers made richer as well as more arrogant, while stock performers were valued in proportion to the small salary they might be brow-beaten into accepting! The big-blanket daily was blown sky high by the "little 'un over the way," and the verdict of the public was "Served 'em right!"

Well, "things is working" now in New York at a fine rate. The only rival the stage at present has is the ball-room, and that is not much to be dreaded The circus folks are all at a distance, and we are reminded of the "wheel about" times at New Orleans and St. Louis when "Daddy Rice" might, could, or should have sung:

"The horses soon must cut, and Her-
Vio Nano he must go,
To bide the public taste with Messrs.
Diamond and Crow.
Turn about and wheel about, etc.

"There was a time when standing on
The head was all the go,
But t'other end is righted—we're
Again upon the toe.
Turn about and wheel about," etc.

To which we may now add, (after getting a peep at Laura Keene's new theatre,) in a similar style of poetical imagery and political foresight:—

Log Cabins now are silent, and
Hard Cider doesn't flow,
But Laura and the Fourth of March
Will once more make a go.
Turn about and wheel about, etc.

That Laura Keene may make her theatre go successfully seems highly probable. We are not by any means certain that so many theatres are just now required in Broadway, but our hopes are for the best; and, from the short time Miss Keene has been before the public in her mangerial capacity, we have formed a high opinion of her good taste and that other "excellent thing in woman"—discretion.

At a cost of $60,000 in addition to the land, Laura Keene's new theatre has been erected in Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets. The façade on Broadway is elegant and appropriate. The entrance is somewhat similar to Wallack's Theatre. The parquet (curse "parquette!") will seat 1000 persons; each of the two tiers, 750; making 2500 at home. The height to the ceiling from the stage floor is fifty-one feet, and the stage is fifty-two feet in depth. The proscenium is a model of perfection. The prevailing ornament is composed of white and gold. All the workmanship and artistic decorations are of the best description, and confer honor upon the mechanics of our city. For the ready manufacture of the "crowded houses" commend us to the professed puffer.

But the real *timbre* to maintain and sustain the house will be found in the well-chosen stock company. Among the ladies we find Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Mrs. Stephens (from Wallack's,) Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. T. B. Johnston, Miss Cornelia Jefferson (Boston Theatre,) Miss Emma Hall, Miss Alleyne, Miss Stella Mairs, Miss Louisa Paine, Miss Rose Archer, Mrs. W. H. Smith (an actress as is an actress,) Miss Julia Gould (returned from California,) Miss Ada Clifton, Miss Jessie McLean (from Wallack's,) Miss Manners, and the fair Laura herself. Among the gentlemen are glorious George Jordan, G. K. Dickinson, Wemyss, T. B. Johnston, H. Hall, Messrs. Steddart, Burnett, and Alleyne (from Wallack's,) N. Gould, H. Hayes, W. Reeve, C. Young, MacRae, Cecini, Bingham, Ringgold, Harcourt, Evarts, Coldfield, Chester, C. Wheatleigh (from the Princesses Theatre in London,) J. A. Smith (Boston Theatre,) Andros, J. T. Austin, etc. If these people can keep from publishing stupid letters they may be of some service on the stage.

With such a company, what may not such a goddess of light as Laura Keene produce? All we are afraid of is that the frothy and sham champagne of the columnar critics of the daily press may only end in the usual detestable and hope-deferred degree of damnable disappointment. "'God forbid!' said Uncle Toby. 'Amen!' replied Corporal Trim, looking gravely."

The Academy of Music is (supposed to be) one of the places of public amusement in New York; but, what can we say of such a concern so as to steer clear of the law of libel and yet not fly in the face of truth? Room is too precious in this paper for us to mention the names of a pack of people who are all the time quarreling, and whose only fame arises from "the musician's humor, which is fantastic." The "set" up at the Academy of Music are in reality not near so worthy of notice as the poor and humble grinders of barrel organs in our streets. The latter cannot begin to compete with the former for cheek in begging or in impudence of pretension. See the airs, the speeches, the letters, the whims, the caprices, and the beggarly subterfuges of their factitious gentility as they pass the hat around. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Boston doctor," hit their case (without knowing it) when he wrote—

"You'd think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme;
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

"But Hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round."

Of course anything like honesty or sincerity would only be food for laughter with the infatuated and effeminate fools such as the fashionable *fanaticos* at the Academy of Music, but we shall venture to prophecy, in the words which come from the statue of the Commander to Don Giovanni when derided by the latter's recklessness—"*Di rider finirai pria d'll'aurora*—(Your laughter will cease before the dawn.")" And that dawn will be when the American people arise in their majesty of justice and boot the whole crowd of craven *canaille* out of the country, or compel them to earn an honest living by reasonable exertion As these swivelling suckers now stand, the most experienced detective officer would be puzzled to tell whether they are area thieves looking after the silver spoons in the kitchen or else hogs around a feeding trough

Still, in the midst of all this vulgarity of vituperation it is consoling to observe the steady progress of divine music in our land of beauty, and to witness the spontaneous homage which overflows from the hearts of our people. In this community of pianoforte players what a monument of glory Thalberg is unconsciously creating! How universality of genius prompts the universality of appreciation! The puffer is not only not needed but is actually not noticed, when a "master" performer like Thalberg displays his mighty gifts.

Upon such occasions the upheaving heart of a great people may be seen to share in sublime sympathy with the "*grau maestro*," and all previous recognitions of universality become more and more confirmed In such fantasia as Thalberg improvisation from "Don Giovanni," we see at once why all nations may agree in admiring the sublimated soul of Mozart, which in that fascinating opera has so impressively combined the marvelous portions of legendary lore with the philosophical spirit of modern times. Where can we find the equal of that musical expression in spiritualized intellect such as permeates the Mozartean cadences which adorn the suggestive periods throughout that wonderful opera? And who can render them on the piano like Thalberg?

No wonder that the type of Don Giovanni is popular as a Titanic personage around whom are drawn in dramatic unity an instructive circle of characteristic contrasts. The old Catholic legend, stuck about all over with the dreamy fancy of the Spanish nation and Tirso de Moleria, was Frenchified by Moliere, Italianized by Lorenza da Ponti (that "child of the lagunes,") and embellished by the fun-loving Charles Gozzi, at last came into the hands of Mozart just in time to make the character of Don Giovanni a specimen of the self-relying revolutionary audacity with which the human mind agitated both religion and politics in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The permanent tone of Mozart's genius was a sweet serenity of Christian faith and hope he has made "Don Giovanni" a lesson of morality as well as model of musical merit.

Goethe's Faust, a character personifying the very opposite of Mozart's Don Giovanni, is also popular in all countries, and for the same reason—the universality of genius. The main trouble now is to find artists able to express these *themes* properly. Thalberg can. He is literally "a great master." He is one of the boys who knows how—a firm believer in long walks, good training and the sports of the people.

At Burton's we find no particular news, except that a new "spectacular" drama called "Genevieve, or The Reign of Terror" has been produced. Mr. Bourcicault claims the authorship "based on that. He and Agnes Robertson have returned to New York but do not play at Wallack's now. Who heard anything "drap?"

Those comical fellows and bewitching beauties who have been playing 278 nights as "The Wonderful Ravels" at Niblo's, are bound to "go in" for more attractions. No language is spoken except that of artistic merit. There is never any knowing what those jolly geniuses may do next. Ask the gentlemen how they get their strength or the ladies their beauty, and they will tell you—exercise, exercise, exercise, and reading the CLIPPER.

At Eddy's Theatre, in Chambers street, the stage has been graced by Celia and Olive Logan. Another of Brother Bonner's New York Ledger stories, "The Storm Secret," has succeeded "The Mystic Bride," and is the third of the series. It seems like old times to witness the lamented M. M. Noah's drama of "The Wandering Boys" The secret of Eddy's success may be found in his well-chosen bills.

Since the "masonic fraternity" have taken the south wall of the Broadway Theatre in hand, who knows but what we may have another "little box" opened in that very theatrical thoroughfare. There will soon be a dozen, and soon after a hundred. This is a fast city. Ask the managers.

At the National, throwing "Dred" overboard has lightened the ship considerably, and matters look more promising. The Howards have left, but—

"What can ennoble sots, knaves, or cowards?
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards."

This being Thanksgiving time, the American Museum is either below or above any reasonable criticism—we hardly know which—but we know that "Dred" has been withdrawn soon after the National had to stop it. This is some gain towards propriety and deceney. By the way, is it not comical to see people who profess to be shocked when a couple of boxers have a bit of a brush, nevertheless crowd head over heels to see a boa constrictor swallow pigeons and rabbits alive? No accounting for tastes.

At Wallack's the Broadway war has been carried on with great success, sustained by the merits and the generalship of Mr. Wallack. He and Mr. Lester will breathe the air of "the sunny South" this winter, and we suspect that there will be a winding time of discontent come over the late "Summer Garden." It is said that the Florences will step in and revive matters about January. Also, that Jamie Anderson and Miss Elsworthy will give a preliminary touch of their quality before going to the Broadway. As for Mr. Wallack's acting, that seems as good as new. What glorious Don Cesar de Bazan he makes! How well the most popular impulses agree with the highest rules of art in admiring dramatic pictures as are afforded in "Don Giovanni" or "Don Cesar de Bazan!"

The Bowery Theatre has been in such a state of Pocahontas-eus-pocus that we can hardly tell which thimble the "little joker" is under. Brougham is great on railroad rides, and once kept our eyes open very tight with a remarkably dry piece of chip the dusty day-line between here and Boston a few years ago.

them are more gags, which any ambitious lecturer or peripatetic quack doctor can get up by way of cheap advertising. These things afford no dramatic interest whatever. Besides, in another part of this paper, proof is given that Brother Brougham is behind time in his advertising, as much so as it would be to praise the "kindred sympathies" of such a methodical miser as James Sheridan Knowles has now become. We say this not as "a cross stick."

Nothing particularly new among our other amusements, except that some dogs and monkeys are exhibiting somewhere in Broadway.

DRAMATIC AND DESULTORY.

For Boston items, see our friend Sim W——'s letter from that city of notions. The Antoine and Jerome Ravels are to succeed Mr. Forrest at the Boston Theatre. Then look out for "tricks."

"The Sheriff's Wife," the new local drama written for Laura Keene's new theatre, is written by a young lawyer named H. Morrison.

Jerry Bryant, with his brothers Daniel and Cornelius, will soon open a fanny shop in this city. Dick Willis, the "Wizard Bugler," is likely to "go in" with them.

We may expect Edwin Forrest at Burton's after Bourcicault retires to put his head in a bag.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne's engagements required her to go on the stage by the 20th October. Doctor and nurse may enter a protest.

We are compelled to announce what we hoped was a mistake—the death of Mrs. Morehouse—Fanny Wallack, at Edinburgh. Harry Wallack is on his way to England once more.

Samuel Sanford's Opera Troupe will soon outdo Brougham in the way of performing in different cities on the same night. We may then learn whether the people will elect "Sam" in three different states, as Philadelphia, Newark, and New York, are the places predicated. A wheelbarrow procession would be some pumpkins. "Clar de kitchen!"

Edwin Booth has recovered from his sore throat, and is playing at Richmond, Va. Close shaving and open collars will not do around here.

A pretty active season has commenced in New Orleans. At the French Theatre everything is sure to be *comme il faut*. Crisp's Gaiety has a good English Opera company, and we cannot tell why the "Delta" is so severe upon them. De Bar has a capital company at the St. Charles.

Dr. Atkinson and J. G Cartlitch have made a good start at St. Louis, and the widow of W. R. Goodall is among the company.

"The Programme" is a welcome companion at our principal theatres. It is ably edited by Wardie Corbyn and Charles Mclachlan. Its tone is sparkling as well as conservative; and, like veritable hock, reminds us of a by-gone "Age," when Brother Barsett was about, and Brigadier Morris apostrophized the Park fountain.

One of the Charleston (S. C.) editors says, in reference to a performance of "The Old Chateau" in that city, that "Mrs. sloan personated Jeanette 'up to the handle.'"

Miss Lizzie Weston and Mr. A H. Davenport have just concluded a very successful engagement at Buffalo, and have been well supported by Messrs. Copland, Ross, Hodges, and others. Mr. John Drew, Philadelphia's favorite comedian, made his first appearance in Buffalo for many years last Monday.

FOREIGN AND MISCELLANEOUS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS]

Harry Drayton and his wife are giving musical lectures in England.——C. Salomau is also popular in this way.——A bass singer named Stanley, from England, is becoming famous in Italy.——Count Matthew Wilhcorski, the famous violin player, died lately in Moscow.——Barry Sullivan has been very successful at Drury Lane.——Charles Matthews is at Liverpool.——A sister of Mdlle. Vaglioni has made a successful debut as a dramatic artist in Berlin.——Joanna Wagner's marriage is still denied.——"The Stolen Kiss" might bear transplanting——Jullien pretends that a crown was given to him in this country by the American musicians, and exhibits the "article," which is in gold and of costly manufacture. Our opinion is that this must be Jullien's crowning puff. Its presentation must have been very modestly conducted, for we never heard of the affair. "Uneasy *lies* the head that wears a crown." Ho. Crowns in England are very ticklish things.——Meyerbeer's opera of "Robert the Devil" has been introduced on the Italian stage, but the censorship has made such a many changes that the author would hardly know his own production. The word "Devil" is ruled out entirely——Murdoch continues successful at the Haymarket.——Italian Opera only so-so at Drury Lane.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—The proposed foot race noticed in our last, to take place on Thanksgiving Day, 27th inst. in the vicinity of Boston, is likely to attract considerable notice. Already six or eight pedestrians have entered for the prize, and many others have signified their intention to "follow suit." It is said that among those in the list is a member of Cambridge College. The distance to be run is five miles, and providing the weather is fine, the race will take place on the road leading from Charlestown Neck to Cambridge College. Entries can be made at the Third Ward Saloon, 387 Main street, Charlestown. Several minor races will also take place during the day. This will be Stetson's last appearance in the pedestrian line.

SWEEPING CHALLENGE!—John Grindell, the Champion pedestrian, having been questioned as to his right to the title of Champion, offers the following challenge in support of his position:

"I hereby offer to make a match to run any pedestrian in the United States or Canada, a foot race of from five to twenty miles, for $500 or $1000 a side—the race to take place over the Union Course, Long Island. Further particulars may be learned, or the match made, by applying at the Chatham Shades, 9th Avenue and 37th street.

JOHN GRINDELL.

CHALLENGE.—John Cope will run Thomas Spears, of Wheeling, a foot race of a quarter of a mile for $50, or he will run Morris Bloomer, of Newport, Ky., a mile, for the same amount, or any other novice in the United States. Cash and money ready at Benjamin Richards, Rolling Mill House, Licking, Covington Co., Ky.

WHERE'S THE FREIGHT HOUSE TROTTER?—J. McN., of Boston, challenges John Nolan, the Freight House Trotter, to run him a five mile race on Thanksgiving Day, the 27th inst., for $200. He can be found at the Napoleon Saloon. He will also also run Thomas Lachey, of Elliott street, the same distance, for the same amount.

WALKING.—Prof. H. G. Varner walked 76 successive hours, on a 24 foot plank, 2 feet wide, and 3 feet from the floor, at Mr. Wm. Murphy's Sparring Rooms in Portland, Maine, commencing at 5 o'clock Wednesday evening, October 29, and finishing his "feat" in good style, November 1, at 10 o'clock in the evening.

AQUATICS.

BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE UNDAUNTED AND LIGHTFOOT.—A race between the above boats, came off at Boston on Tuesday, 11th inst, at 10 o'clock A. M., resulting in the Undaunted winning the race and Stakes. This match has been for a loug time existing, but for various causes, has been delayed from time to time.

CARD.—"The Keystone Barge Club," of Philadelphia, respectfully ask if the American Barge Club will endorse the card in the New York CLIPPER of the 15th inst., signed "An active member of the Phantom," and if so, the Keystone Barge Club will grant the earnest solicitation of a challenge from us "*or any other challenge from any amateur Barge Club in Philadelphia*") by hereby challenging the American Barge Club of Philadelphia to row their outrigger "Phantom" against our outrigger "Gipsy" for $100; (One Hundred Dollars); said race to come off at a time before the 6th Decr., 1856. As the close of the season is now so near at hand, we would suggest an immediate reply. Address, "Secretary of K. B. C., Box, No. 3, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOATING DISPUTE IN BOSTON.—Boston, Nov. 15, 1856.—To the QUEEN:—Knowing that your paper is an advocate of justice amongst the sporting community, I wish to inform you of the course a party of men calling themselves the Central Boat Club Association," are pursuing at present. It is well known to all the boating community in these parts that on the 21st of last August a race took place between the Robert Emmet and the Unknown, the latter belonging to the Central Boat Club Association, and in that race the Emmet was declared the winner; and now, after the lapse of nearly three months, this Central Boat Club Association have commenced proceedings against the crew of the Emmet, by sueing the stakeholder.

Now, sir, why not call the attention of the different boat clubs to this mean and unprincipled act. I think there can be resolutions passed that will bar such men out of boat racing hereafter, for if such conduct as this is tolerated, and such men recognized, it is high time for all honorable men to resign.

Yours, A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

THE RING.

WHERE'S DANIEL FLINT?—Peter Freeman, better known as Dutch Peter, of Detroit, will accommodate Daniel Flint, on his own terms, in a fair ring fight, for from $300 to $1000, at any time he wishes after two months from the first deposit. Man and money ready at Johnny Mackey's, Sportsman's Hall, 117 Michigan street, Chicago.

PITTSBURGH AROUND.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 15.—I, Robert Harris (*alias* Lippy) will fight either of the following men, viz.: Joseph Bradshaw, of Troy, or Thomas Higgs, of Newcastle, for from $200 to $500 a side, at catch weight; or if this challenge is not accepted by the above parties, I will fight Moses Loyde, of Pittsburgh, at 8 st. 8 lb., for the same sum. Man and money ready at 155 Second street. ROBERT HARRIS.

WILL COME TO TIME.—Buffalo, Nov. 12.—Seeing a notice in last week's paper from James Morin, wishing to fight me for $50, I would say that I was not in town at the time, and did not know anything about it, but I will fight him for $50, $100, or $500, in one or two months from this date. If he means fight, I wish him to come to the match at once. BILL DUNN.

CRICKET.

CRICKET ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—It is expected that there will be quite a strong muster of the lovers of this game on Thanksgiving Day on their grounds at Hoboken.

AVERAGES OF BATSMEN.—These useful records of the doings of our cricketing friends are coming along quite briskly. Secretaries who have not attended to this matter will oblige us by sending along "the documents" as soon as possible. Please send in the order in which tables are given elsewhere.

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH.—Eleven English cricketers of Philadelphia have challenged any eighteen Americans for a friendly match to come off on Thanksgiving Day.

ALL ENGLAND.—George Parr, of Ratcliffe-on-Trent, has been elected Secretary of the All England Eleven, in the place of his deceased countryman, Clarke.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, ESTABLISHED 1853.—Mr. J. Sewell, Secretary of the Club, has sent us the following interesting items, relative to their doings this season, for which he will please accept our thanks. They have played six matches altogether, three among their own members, two with the Windsor Club of Canada, and one with the Olympic Club of Pittsburgh, Pa. The following is the average of their batsmen:

Names.	*Matches.*	*Innings.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Over.*	*Not out.*
Bury	4	6	73	12	1	2
Brooks	3	6	29	4	5	
Chennell	5	8	46	5	6	
Cooter	5	8	89	11	1	
Day	6	9	37	4	1	
B and	4	7	45	6	3	1
Parsons	3	5	12	2	2	
Pellet	4	7	68	9	5	
Riddle	1	2	6	3		
Speed	4	6	41	6	5	
Stokes, B	4	5	26	5	1	
Stokes, G	3	5	18	3	2	
Stokes, R	4	5	5	1		
Tarry	6	10	41	4	1	1
Wenban	2	2	8	4		

MECHANICS' CLUB.—We are indebted to Mr. Hinckley, Secretary of the Mechanics' Club, of Newark, for the score (which we give below) of the match played on their closing day, the particulars of which will be found in another column:

HARD SOLDER'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Jones run out	2	b Biggs	1
2. Bredin c Petty b Warner	9	b Biggs	3
3. Elverson c Farrall b Biggs	2	b Biggs	3
4. Wooff run out	3	b Biggs	13
5. Perrin b Biggs	13	b Biggs	7
6. Beslery b Biggs	2	b Biggs	0
7. Hopperton c Pennington b Biggs	5	b Biggs	1
8. Ham b Biggs	0	run out	0
9. Bradshaw not out	0	b Biggs	9
10. Jennings b Biggs	0	run out	2
11. Langford absent	0	Petty, Sr., not out	7
Byes 16, wides 7	23	Bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	59	Total	50

SOFT SOLDER'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Greathead b Bredin	9		
2. Ward b Bredin	1	b Perrin	4
3. Petty, Jr., run out	10	not out	27
4. Biggs l b w b Bredin	0	b Elverson	1
5. Warner not out	19	b Perrin	0
6. Turner b Bredin	5	not out	4
7. Farrall b Bredin	0		
8. Hardy c Elverson b Bredin	4		
9. McLaughlin b Perrin	0		
10. Bray c Perrin b Bredin	6	run out	1
11. Stokes c Bradshaw b Bredin	1		
12. Pennington b Perrin	5		
Byes 6, leg byes 2	8	Byes 4, leg bye 1	5
Total	68	Total	42

STAR AND THISTLE CLUB VS. LOWELL CLUB.—The return match between the Star and Thistle Club, of Boston, and the Lowell Club, of Lowell, which came off at Lowell on the 1st inst., resulted in the triumph of Lowell, in one innings. Annexed is the score:

LOWELL.—First Innings.

1. Towler b Barry	83	8. Perkins 1 b w b Barry	8
2. Crafts c Barry b Barry	0	9. Streeter b Murphy	3
3. J. Reed c Walker b Barry	2	10. Reed b Murphy	11
4. Haskell b Murphy	4	11. Baker not out	2
5. Fletcher b Murphy	0	Byes 6, wide 1	7
6. Salmon b Barry	4	Leg bye 1, no ball 1	2
7. Bradley run out	20		
Total			146

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Barry b Towler	1	b Towler	11
2. Reid b Towler	0	b Fletcher	7
3. Walker b Salmon	4	b Salmon	3
4. Welsh run out	0	b Towler	5
5. Doherty run out	2	c Towler b Salmon	0
6. Brickmar b Salmon	18	hit wicket	1
7. Knight run out	4	leg bef. wicket b Fletcher	2
8. Murphy c Perkins b Salmon	0	b Fletcher	14
9. Leighton c Perkins b Salmon	8	b Fletcher	7
10. Wood b Salmon	1	not out	0
11. Wellman not out	0	b Fletcher	0
Byes 2, wide 1	3	Byes	3
Total	36	Total	53

Umpire for Lowell Club, Mr. McNally, of Lowell.
" Star and Thistle, Mr. King, of Manchester Club.
Scorer for Lowell, Mr. Hyde of Lowell.
" Star and Thistle, Plimpton, of Lowell.

FREE ACADEMY AND UNION CLUBS.—New York, Nov. 15, 1856.—*Dear Sir*:—In answering "Gil," in your paper of this week, you state that the Union and Free Academy are one and the same club; that they are composed solely of students of the Free Academy. In the first place, they are entirely separate; the Union Club, of which I am a member, is a club which in its matches with the Free Academy Club, has been victorious in all but one, and in that one only broken through the mismanagement of the umpirees.

The Free Academy Club is composed of members, as you state, but the Union is not, it having several students of Columbia College, as members; the Union Club has been anxious to get up a match with the Free Academy Club the past summer, but the latter say that they will only play our second eleven. JUSTICE.

BALL PLAY.

HAND BALL.—Messrs. Moloney and Murphy, of Philadelphia, a short time since, challenged any two young men under 18 years of age, to play them a game of hand ball. This challenge has twice been accepted, and in one instance $20 was left in our hands to pay the expenses of the Philadelphians to this city to play the match, but no response having been received from Messrs. Moloney and Murphy, we have returned the money to those to whom it belongs. Messrs. Moloney and Murphy doubtless sent their challenge for the purpose of seeing how their names would look in print, for it does not appear that they had the least idea of playing a game of hand ball.

ENTERPRISE VS. STAR.—We had the pleasure of witnessing a game of base ball on the 15th inst., between the Enterprise Club, of Bedford, and the Star Club, of South Brooklyn. The following is the score:

ENTERPRISE.		STAR.	
Constant	5	Van Cleef	3
Bleecker	2	Fairbanks	3
Weddle	3	F. J. Miller	4
S. C. Smith	0	Bynner	2
R. B Cornwell	2	Creighton	2
S. Whiting	2	R. Manley	2
Maxfield	1	T. Morris	2
George Rennard	1	F. G. Miller	1
Webber	0	Leavitt	2
Total	16	Total	21

Umpire for Enterprise, B. England. Umpire for Star, W. Fuller
Referee, L. Bergen, of the Atlantic.

The game was well contested, and reflects much credit on the members of these clubs, as it was their first match. These clubs are composed of youths ranging from 15 to 18 years of age, who have organized, like thousands of others, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the various physical exercises, which are so necessary for a proper development of the mental faculties. Let the good work go on.

BASE BALL.—CLOSE OF THE SEASON.—Base Ball has made rapid progress in this vicinity during the past year, and bids fair to become a formidable rival to the more scientific game of cricket. The season is now about closing, and Thanksgiving Day, 20th inst., will probably wind up this favorite sport for the time being.

CANINE.

A CHANCE FOR DIFFERENT WEIGHTS.—Mr. Roome will fight his dog Spring, 25½ lbs., against any other dog of the same weight, for $100 to $300 a side.

He will also match his dog Bill, 27½ lbs., against any other dog of the same weight, for a like amount.

Also, his dog Frank, 32½ lbs., against any other dog of the same weight, for $100 or $300 a side.

FIGHT BETWEEN MAJOR AND DUSTY.—A pretty lively contest took place at Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on the evening of the 12th inst., between Mr. McLaughlin's dog Major and Mr. Williams' dog Dusty, for $100 a side. The hall in which the fight took place was well filled by lovers of canine sports, and the contest was such as to give general satisfaction. The fight occupied 1 hour and 30 minutes, in this time three turns being had, Dusty refusing to scratch on the last turn, thereby losing the battle and the money.

MATCH FOR $100 A SIDE.—James Giddings has matched his dog Tanner against Mr. Nolen's Glass Eye dog, for $100 a side. The fight is to take place at No. 49 Madison street, on the 9th of December.

TROT IN PHILADELPHIA.—The first trot on the new race track, Oxford Park, above Philadelphia, was to have taken place on Tuesday last, between Zachary Taylor and Tacony, for $1000.

BAD COMPANY.—A difficulty took place one night last week, some where in Rosevelt street, during which a man named Phalen attempted to shoot Barney Ford, but the shot was not successful. Phalen was arrested.

DELAWARE.—We have received No. 1, of the new series of the "Delaware County Democrat, and Upland Union." Its "get up" and contents betoken a spirit of enterprise which cannot fail to enlist the patronage of the reading public of Delaware County and vicinity. J. P. Michellon is the editor of the Democrat.

GONE ALONG.—Turner and Paugene have also been removed to Newburgh, (not Newark,) where Baker's trial is to take place on Monday, if not again postponed.

THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.—The season of flowers has passed away, yet we may still inhale the fragrance by dropping in at Dr. Gouraud's, where the most delicious perfumes may at all times be had. Here, too, may be purchased that excellent article of Hair Dye, which, in an instant, gives to red, light, or grey hair the most beautiful brown, or jet black color. Also, Poudres Subtiles, which eradicates, almost immediately, all superfluous hair. We should not omit to notice, also, the Doctor's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which, for the removal of freckles, pimples, chaps, chafes, &c., stands preeminent. All of these articles may be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway. Sold also at Bates's, No. 129 Washington street, Boston, and T. R. Callendar's, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia.

YACHT BUILDER.

GEO. W. FRIEND, WHO HAS LAID DOWN AND MADE THE patterns of a large number of the late George Steers' fastest Yachts, and who also had full charge of laying down the United States steamer Niagara, as well as the mammoth Collins steamer Adriatic, is now ready to contract to build YACHTS of every description, and will guarantee the boats he builds shall not be inferior in speed, strength and beauty, to any that Mr. Steers ever constructed. Apply to Mr FRIEND, at his residence, Washington street, between H and I street, Green Point, Brooklyn. 31-3m

THE ART OF BOXING.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY GIVE NOtice to his numerous friends, that during the Winter months, he will give Lessons in the Manly Art of Self-Defence, to all those who wish to become acquainted with such a useful and necessary Art; and he would also say that unless perfect satisfaction is given he will require no pay. For terms, &c., inquire at the Hall, 57 and 59 Elm street, Boston. JAMES HART. 31-3t

"CLIPPER" SHADES.

A NEW AND FINE ESTABLISHMENT, CALLED THE "CLIPPER SHADES," has just been opened by the undersigned, at No. 125 Roosevelt street, where the latest Sporting Intelligence may always be learned. The best of Ales, Wines, Brandies, Cigars, &c., always on hand.

"Boxiana," 5 vols; "Fistiana," and "Fights for the Championship," to be seen at the bar. JAMES REGAN, Proprietor.

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Has recently published the following elegant Colored Prints of celebrated Trotting and Pacing Horses:

FLORA TEMPLE (trotter) and HERO (pacer,)
In their great two mile match, Oct. 17, 1855, in which the Mare trotted the second heat in the astonishing time of 4:37.
Size, 23x30. Price $3.

THE GREAT DOUBLE TEAM RACE,
To wagons, over the Union Course, L. I., June 5, 1855, between Geo Spicer's b. g. Lantern and ch g. Whalebone, and H. Woodruff's bl. m Stella and gr. m. Alice Grey.
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To a wagon, pacing a mile in the unprecedented time of 2:17¼.
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In their match to wagons, May 7, 1855.
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LADY SUFFOLK AND LADY MOSCOW, race to wagons.
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P. S. Fowls can be sent safe by Express. 30

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NEWMAN & RANDALL, BUILDERS OF SOME OF THE BEST Boats now afloat, have just taken possession of their new and extensive establishment, foot of 119th street, East River, where they are prepared to execute all orders in the Boating and Yacht line, with an eye to speed and real service.

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Oars, Sculls, Small Spars constantly on hand. Boats of all kinds built to order.

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GAME-COCKS.

In the present improved and improving state of the reasoning faculty, and consequent progress in moral science, a serious obligation is imposed on those who tender to public notice the description of any amusement, or sport, in which the feelings of brute animals are implicated. It is necessary, in the first place, to investigate the nature of the particular sport to be dilated upon; how far it may be reconciled with justice and mercy—in perhaps, more appropriate, because sporting terms, fair play; in fine, whether it may be deemed worthy of being continued in practice, by a people ambitious of the character of superior light and humanity.

It would be needless labor, formally to attempt a proof of the obvious truth, that universal Providence has submitted to the domination and care of man, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the water, indeed all brute animal existence, and that both for our serious indispensable use, and our diversion and sport; for, even the latter, in a secondary degree, is a necessary of life; a need, in which the inferior animals share equally with man. They are also possessed of feelings, are capaciated by nature to enjoy pleasures, and to endure pains, like ourselves; and, therefore, their right to compassion stands on the same foundation as our own. But they are destined to our use—it is on the condition, however, in the view of right reason, that we discriminate between the use and abuse.

The present subject affords a very apt example of this necessary discrimination. The cock has been, for ages, the object or the victim of human, if in no case, very humane diversion. In many nations, it has been the custom to enjoy the public spectacle of contentions between these naturally pugnacious fowls, to witness their mutual emulation, unconquerable resolution, and defiance of wounds and death. In England there has also existed immemorially, but we trust it has long been on the decline, the custom of throwing at cocks during Shrovetide. This practice is too well known, as throwing heavy clubs of wood at the miserable victim bound to the stake, by which he is bruised and wounded, his limbs broken, and he is gradually tortured to death! He has had no fair play allowed him, no means of acting in his own defence; his noble courage is changed into apprehension and despair; and his sad remains of life are employed in shifts to avoid the blows aimed at him by his barbarous and cowardly assailants. Such, then, is no fair or legitimate sport; unless pleasure can be imparted to rational beings, by the infliction of the most excruciating tortures on other beings equally sensible of pain with themselves.

Now, without positively recommending or writing a panegyric on the ancient practice of cock-fighting, it may be fairly designated as of a very different nature and character to the former. The birds themselves have an irresistible native propensity to these combats; they need no incitement thereto, and cannot be compelled to fight against their own inclinations. It is, therefore, their own act and deed. Nor does the arming them with deadly weapons appear, on reflection, to be that additional act of cruelty which it has been represented; but, perhaps, the reverse. Sport consists in the gratification of curiosity, in the impulse given to the animal spirits, in the exercise of the body; and, to enhance these gratifications, the desire of gain succeeds, and thence game of chance, or play and betting, seldom or never fail to be the favorite accompaniments. To witness the combats of cocks is certainly no unfair exercise of curiosity. No wonder, then, that human invention and ingenuity, which are boundless, should improve upon the hint which Nature herself seems to have given; that the best adapted species of these birds should be chosen, that they should be regularly trained; in brief, that cock-fighting should become an established sport, always interesting to a portion of the people, high or low, who may chance to have a natural or habitual tendency that way.

The natural properties of the cock, fighting and game, or unconquerable resolution unto death, are put to the test by the same rule as those of the race-horse, speed and game are assayed. In these sportive exertions, wherein either men or animals are the competitors, contention necessarily brings on suffering; and men impartially expose themselves as they do their game-cocks, in voluntary combats. Here, perhaps, we may rest the apology, for cock-fighting; and, on the same ground, stands the *rationale* of all sporting. Use of natural qualities, without abuse,—no baiting, no binding to the stake, no deliberate and protracted tortures! Cock-fighting, to whatever general objections it may be liable, cannot, at any rate, be deemed an illegitimate sport.

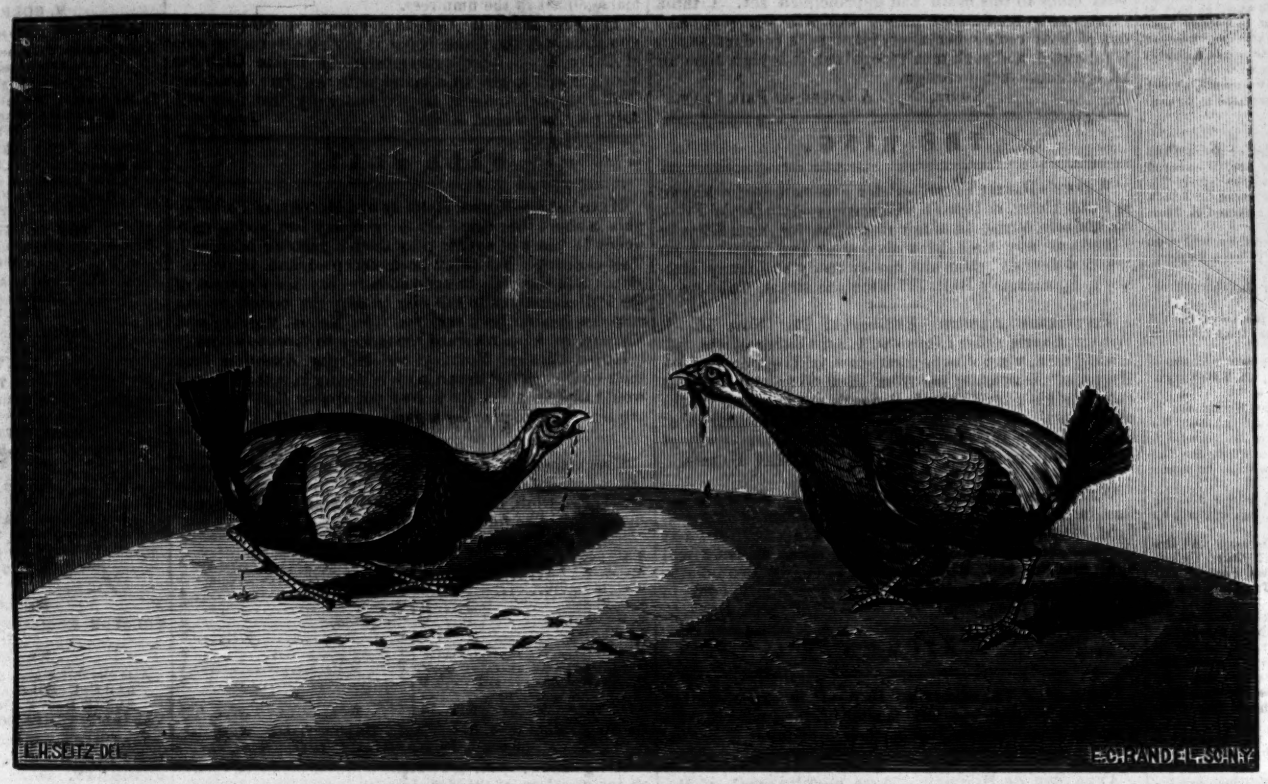
It is now in course to attend to the immediate business of the scene: the setters have brought the gallant combatants into the arena, nature's own pupils, they first look defiance at each other, and, having measured their ground, are manœuvring with a keen and instinctive wariness for the first blow. The knowing ones are looking on, every countenance being an index to the passion which reigns within, whether of mere curiosity, of spirit-stirring hope, or of anxious and depressing dread of consequences. They are met

"Some to undo, and some to be undone."

Very heavy sums are thus annually at stake, in different parts of this country; a considerable capital is invested, and this sport affords a living to a greater number of persons than might be immediately conceived.

The fighting principle is by no means confined to the domestic cock, since other birds partake of it in a proportionate degree; for example, the pheasant and partridge, and even the sparrow and diminutive tom-tit, to which last the present writer, when a schoolboy, has acted as a feeder and setter; the combatants were properly cut out of their feathers, and the pit a wig-box! There is considerable analogy between the sports of the Turf and the Cock-pit. They are both derived from classical antiquity, and have, together, been patronized and practised for centuries, in England almost exclusively; the chief exception, perhaps, being the native Hindoos, or inhabitants of India, who have, from the early ages, practised this sport with their large breed of cocks. The game-cock, like the race-horse, is a fine-boned, clean-shaped, and symetrical variety of the species, discovered by man, from those outward and visible signs, to be properly adapted to those purposes to which they were consequently applied. Game-fowls and race-horses are kept rigidly apart from commixture with any other variety, since they being possessed of a peculiar intrinsic superiority, any alien or inferior cross must necessarily have the effect of destroying the integrity of the breed; in fact, of rendering it totally incompetent to its intended purposes. In one respect, there is a difference of opinion between the cock-walk and the breeding-stud. In the former, they make no scruple to breed in and in, that is, from the nearest affinities, putting the game pullets to their own sire.

An aspirant after the laurels of the sod and cock-pit, whom, from his natural penchant for strife and contention, for battle, murder, and sudden death, we can do no less than dub a hero by nature, born to defend his own dunghill, must adopt the following fundamental rules, if he would insure success and not subject himself to the painful and disgraceful necessity of retracing his steps. Let him seek and practice the best advice, provide the best breed of cocks, the best feeders and trainers, (honest, if he can find such,) and, without sparing any necessary expense in keeping, feeding, and training, let him bring them to the pit at the best age, and in the most blooming condition. He may then say to dame Fortune, "there, you fickle old hag, if you jilt me now, it is your fault, not mine, and be d—d to you!"



GAME-COCKS.—THE SET-TO.

The best breed of cocks—humph! Why every district and every period has its best breed; and fashion usually and authoritatively decides this by the color, though one would rationally suppose, a good game-cock could never be of a bad color. In the days of Charles II. and old Frampton, a precious pair of honest men, and it was like master like man, the get of Sourface were all the ton, thence, all best: as how could they fail, being of the right shitten wing color? This beautiful and savory color, however, in no great length of time, ceased to be in vogue, and was no longer the best breed. So many new best breeds, that is, fashionable changes of color succeeded, from that early period to the time from which we can date our first reckoning, that our paper would be insufficient for the bare catalogue. We remember the favorite golden breast and silver-gray wings, according to the old ditty—

Fly up, fly up, fly up,
My bonny gray cock,
And crow when it is day
Your breast shall be of the beaming gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.

This high opinion of colors, in game-cocks, induces many betters, generally, to back color, as it is used to be a rule, at least professedly, by many of the same class on the turf, always to back the winning racer. Some years ago, a young man, flush of cash, and full of gallop, said to the late Sir Charles Bunbury, at Newmarket, "Oh! I always back the winning horse." The ancient Baronet, looking at the Tyro, with one of his smiles that never wanted meaning, observed, "well, but how do you manage to know whether the horse run to win, or whether he do not?" It is true there is more scope for manœuvre on the turf than in the cock-pit; although, in the latter, there be plenty for the exercise of shrewdness, industry and skill.

Black cocks formerly contended for popular favor awhile, but without success; they have, however, bequeathed the legacy of a portion of their blood to the pit, as was proved by the black-breasted red cock. This color, however, found a rival in the Norwich or Gurney pied cock. Both colors have proved successful. Cocks are heeled for battle with steel or silver spurs, and much, or by chance, everything, may depend on the judicious fixing of these spurs; a thing to be determined by the mode in which a cock uses his natural weapons. An experienced cocker only, in course, can be *an fait* at this critical business, and his lesson will not be quite learned unless he has witnessed a trial of the cock and his peculiar mode of striking. Young cocks are called stags, and the bird is in his prime at two years old. A Welch main, in which the survivors continue to fight to the last gasp, until the last have no fellow combatant surviving to do him the final charitable office, must needs glut the most heroic thirst of blood.

When a cocker plainly sees the following favorite characters in his stock—

The ruddy bloom of health,
Feathers not dry nor loose,
But mellow in the feel, bright and firm,
Flesh firm and compact,
Legs well under the body,
Crow clear and sound,

he may well expect to flash at the pit,

Close hitters,
Bloody heelers,
Steady fighters,
Good mouthers,
And good at all points.

So warranteth an old and experienced friend, and who shall gainsay him?

CANONS OF PUGILISM;

THE DICTÆ OF AN AMATEUR.

Man, being constituted of materials, disposed to coerce, yet impatient of control, is (in his rougher state) given to bickerings, to contestation, and to fighting.

From the time of the first man, the hand of brother hath been lifted against brother;
sometimes aided with instruments—missiles;
but the fists are the only arms nature supplies.

This is the only true and natural mode of Fighting: all others being brutal—assassin-like.

Certain points (or parts) of man are vital; for, being hit hard, this produceth apoplexy, rupture, blindness, death.

These points are—the pit of the stomach, (or Broughton's mark);
the lowest rib, or liver-hit—vulgo, kidney;
the neck, or jugular—affecting the brain;
the eyes, ears, and whisker-hit.

To prevent those unhappy consequences, all men learn the art of defending the points.

This is acquired by practice—real or artificial;
a little of both, before he arrives at manhood, is necessary—the first-mentioned always justly.

Of the second kind he cannot practice too much; ever choosing an active tutor;
One who teacheth in words, as well as sparr—*i. e.*
One who can give good reasons for his mode of attack and of defence.

No man is compelled to fight, unless he chooses to hold up his fists;

He then must fight until he is down, or that his antagonist is so: This constitutes a round.

The men must separate as soon as either has two limbs on the ground, or his rump.

They must not approach each other, until the call of time.

This takes place at the end of half a minute, unless a minute be previously agreed upon.

Whoever fights without a ticker, or disregards the monitions of the time-keeper, is a brute.

He is an assassin who strikes another without due notice;
or on the ground,
or kicks higher than the knee,
or bites the antagonist,
or otherwise lacerates him,
or does not desist at the call of "Enough."

Whatever boxer misbehaves in those particulars must be floored by the spectators; and
If he afterwards seek patronage, let it be denied him;
He is to be scouted as an unworthy scoundrel, and loses the battle-money of course.

It is not every man who enters the prize-ring that is a pugilist; to constitute such it is necessary that he should know,

1. The points of attack and of defence, practically;
2. How to get away, and to jump in upon his opponent;
3. Hit straight and rapid;
4. Live regularly (train well) and be of good demeanor.

He who hits away, one hand over the other, is but a miller, as Scroggins, Dav Hudson, the Gas-man, &c.

He is a hammer-man who hits round and hard, as Jack Cooper, most Irish boxers, and all cross-built persons.

Those are slobberers who hit at no one determinate place.

Boxing applies to all affairs of the fists, and was at one time the only term in use.

HORSES AND MEN.

The same physiological law prevails in respect to all animals, including man. Every being endowed with muscle needs exercise in order to enjoy health. Every being which has lungs needs an abundance of pure air, just as certainly as that the possession of a stomach is proof positive of the necessity of food to supply it. The following remarks on horses from the *Veterinary Journal*, will be accepted as truth by everybody—even by the *elite* who must always ride, and in all other respects refrain from vigorous, health-inspiring exercise; but their horses, they are aware, ought to be exercised daily, even though they are sent out with the empty carriage. They are wiser for their horses than for themselves. It is well for the horses that they are so.

"Horses require daily exercise in the open air, and can no more be expected to exist without it, than their owners. Exercise is an essential feature in stable management, and, like well-opportuned food, tends alike to preserve the health of the horses.

"Daily exercise is necessary for all horses, unless they are sick; it assists and promotes a free circulation of the blood, determines morbific matter to the surface, developes the muscular structure, creates an appetite, improves the wind, and finally invigorates the whole system. We can not expect much of a horse that has not been habituated to sufficient daily exercise; while such as have been daily exercised and well-managed are capable, not only of great exertion and fatigue, but are ready and willing to do our bidding at any season. When an animal is overworked, it renders the system very susceptible to whatever morbid influences may be present, and imparts to the disease they may labour under an unusual degree of severity. The exhaustion produced by want of rest is equally dangerous; such horses are always among the first victims of disease, and when attacked their treatment is embarrassing and unsatisfactory."

THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE.

With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death 13,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 624,000 tons; and, by its decomposition, produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which, in due time, become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited; and not even these, unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the absorbent reach of the roots of plants and trees. Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country churchyard, knowing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous emanations from our immediate predecessors; then following up the fact that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, whereof we may, perhaps, dine next week. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed, have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, in accordance with the unerring law of nature; and consequently we may say with truth, that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's or Æsop's body, peradventure, wield his pen. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?

"Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

SPORTING CALCULATION.

1st. In the course of a long day's hunting, it is 10 to 1 in favor of a bold and good rider, well mounted, that he meets any accident at all.

2d. Supposing he falls, it is 8 to 1 that either he or his horse is materially hurt.

3d. It is 6 to 1 the horse is hurt and not the rider.

4th. If the rider is hurt, it is 12 to 1 that a bone is not broken.

5th. It is 20 to 1, if a bone is broken, that the wound is not mortal.

Ergo, 10 X 8 X 6 X 12 X 20 = 115,200
: 1 X 1 X 1 X 1 X 1 = 1

And 115,200 = 1 — thus stated, it details:

That he has no fall is 10 to 1;
That himself or horse is not hurt, 80 to 1;
That it is his horse and not himself, 480 to 1;
That no bone is broken, 5760 to 1;
That the hurt is not mortal, 115,200 to 1.

Ergo, out of 115,200 persons who go out hunting in the morning, only one is supposed to end his course in that way from the effect of that day's diversion.

LENDING HORSES.

A FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE.

Dick.—Lend me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow—
Pray which of them all will you lend?
It's cursed unpleasant, you well know, to borrow,
But I'm easy with you, my good friend.

Bob.—'Pon honor, with pleasure I would but—indeed—
Which would you prefer then?

Dick.— The gray—

Bob.—Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off his feed.
We'd a d—mn—ble time the last day—

Dick.—The black—

Bob.—He is blistered—

Dick.—The Brown—

Bob.—He is fired—

Dick.—The Bay—

Bob.—She's a stumbling bitch:
You should not have her, Dick, unless I desir'd
To see you laid dead in a ditch.

Dick.—Pray which shall I have then—
Brown-Muzzle or Crop?

Bob.—I lend none—if truth I must tell—
I've no license, I own—but my stable's a shop—
I ride all my horses—to sell.

Praise from the common people is generally false, and rather follows vain persons, than virtuous ones.

DANGER OF WEARING HOOPS IN A HIGH WIND.

During the wind on Saturday afternoon, and while the dust was circulating so thick that no one could see more than the length of an eyelash in front, a lady, dressed in the most elegant style, in coming round one of the corners, was lifted off her feet by the force of the wind acting on the great expanse of surface which she presented to it. The wind unfortunately did not set her down in the same position in which she was before being taken up, but turning her gently on one side, it laid her endwise on the sidewalk, where she commenced a series of astonishing gyrations, rolling over and over on the hoops of the skirts, and exhibiting a species of locomotion which is not yet generally appreciated, and which may come into fashion, with high winds and large circlets of light material. As the lady thus rolled over and over, several persons were knocked down and passed over by the lady and the hoops, without ever knowing that anything had hit them. Fortunately for the lady, the dust and astonishment of the people out of doors permitted but few to witness this new method of getting along in a stiff breeze, and keeping up full sail at the same time. As we came round a corner, we found the lady wedged between a lamp-post and a hydrant, and immediately assisted her to an upright instead of a recumbent position.

[Detroit Advertiser.

"SEEING WHICH IS THE BEST WRESTLER."

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D—, a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

"Fishermen's Luck."—A party of ambitious anglers, more enthusiastic than experienced, recently took an excursion up the Alleghany, for the purpose of doing immense damage among the finny tribes. They were away just seventeen hours, and on returning made a statistical report of their success. The Pittsburgh Chronicle furnishes the following account of it:

REPORT.

Fish caught	6
Bites (fish)	16
Bites (mosquitos)	982
Wet feet	8
Colds	4
Headaches	2
Ducking	1
Total	1000

SUPPLEMENTAL REPORT ON THE FISH.

Catfish	1
Suckers	2
Large sized pollywogs	3
Total	6